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AMONG THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.

CONCLUSION.

IT is among the Alps that the thoughtful traveler takes the greatest joy in the change of the seasons, and especially, if he be for stronger souls, and few are they that can dwell among the peasants after the first blast roars down from the peaks, and not feel into life of frozen Nature, begin to appear, then the heart of man swells and grows glad within him.



CITY PEOPLE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

a poet, in the change from the awful winters to the grand summers. The change to the reverse—that is, from the season of leaves to the season of ice—has its mighty charms

stirred to the depths by the conflicts of the all-powerful elements. When, however, the great strifes cease, and the results of that other superior force, the natural springing

Toward the middle of May the sun conquers the snow, and the primroses peep forth from every crevice. Green moss springs up beneath the fir-trees, and the young thrushes

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twitter in the uppermost branches. Still, no voice is heard upon the *Alm* (the mountain-pasture); no human footfall echoes upon the sward. The butterflies flutter to and fro in the sunshine, and the only interruptions to the stillness are the never-ceasing voices of Nature. The full spring gurgles softly, the buds of the Alpine roses swell in the genial warmth, and every thing is bathed in the joy of reawakened life.

But upon the coming of St. John's Day, or thereabouts, the long-pent cattle are released from their winter-sheds in the villages and are turned out upon the world again. A procession forms itself, and the *Sennerinnen* and the herd-boys rejoice, and are happy. The former know that upon the Alps they are undisputed sovereigns, and the latter prefer the grass as a seat to a school-bench, and the study of the universe to the study of the multiplication-table. It is a fête-day to the peasant when his cattle are led to the mountains, for he looks upon them as members of his family; and if Roman law does not recognize them as such, Bavarian usage does. House and stall are under one roof. Each cow has her baptismal name. Religion protects the four-footed creatures; they have their own patron-saints, their stalls are blessed, and a sacred proverb is pronounced over them when they are set free.

Let us say a few words about these *Sennerinnen*. They are commonly rough, large-framed, and as homely as mortals well can be. Their duties are peculiarly hard. The fiercer the storms are, the more necessary is it that they be out-of-doors, seeking their four-footed charges.

In all times and in all weathers they will fetch the strayed calf from the deepest ravine, and soothe it with the tenderest words. It was, indeed, a right instinct which assigned the care of the cattle on the mountains to the women, for they have more self-denying affection for the creatures under their care than men have, and they are not inferior to the males in physical strength and resolution.

The lives of these herd-girls are dull and monotonous beyond comparison. That is, little that to a town-bred person seems eventful and interesting happens to them week in and week out, and they pursue their simple round of labors without thought or hope of change. As soon as the cows begin to low, as early as two o'clock in the morning, they are astir; and when the first faint rays of the gray morning twilight make their way through the cracks in the roof, the cows are milked. At four o'clock a bright fire is blazing on the hearth, and the cattle are set free. Far over the mountains they wander in search of food, and do not return until the evening.

There is always plenty for the herd-girl to do between-whiles. Her hut has its duties as palaces have theirs, and she may scour till doomsday if she so chooses. She is a nurse for all her valuable cattle, and she treats them with consummate skill. She brings water, from great distances sometimes, and always in a pail borne upon her head, and this over paths that a goat has commonly to be careful of his steps.

The "boudoir" of the *Sennerinnen* is in

about the centre of the establishment. It is a small but cozy room. In one corner is the little altar, with a prayer-book in large print, a few consecrated palm-branches, and perhaps the image of a saint, with one or two relics. Here, too, is her bed, which reaches nearly to the ceiling, and can only be climbed on the unused side by the aid of the *Bergstock*, or alpenstock. Around the wall runs a wooden bench, and a table with crooked legs completes the furniture.

In the latter part of October the herds again descend to the valleys. The departure from the *Alm* is an event to be marked, and, faithful to their blood and their traditions, the *Sennerinnen* throw about it a little romance. The beasts are paraded upon the chilly upland, the goods within the hut are closely packed, and all is left secure against the tempests that are to come. Then upon the necks and horns of the cattle are thrown wreaths of green and garlands of the poor, simple flowers that may have yet remained, and, thus decorated with the last signs of the tender summer, the procession wends its slow way back to the village below, where all will be safe and warm in the future. The cattle march into the old stalls and cribs, and munch once more the scrumping food that is thrown down by the peasants' pitchforks.

The *Sennerinn* returns to her spacious sitting-room glowing with health, and, seizing her distaff, begins to spin and to sing, and to dream of the loves she has had since she last was here, and of those she may have before she once more goes hence when the year turns round again.

It is truly a great thing to see the city people among these Alps. They come up by stage-coaches to the lower inns, thence stroll into all sorts of wild places with the calmness of those who have no notion of their danger.

The host does not receive them with open arms. He is stolid, and he watches the arrivals with calmness. But his waiters go mad with excitement, and the old visitors (those who have already "been here" for two days) gape for news and letters.

Those who like every thing on a grand scale are mad to form Alpine parties. No peak is too lofty, no rock too rugged, for them, and they know their way everywhere, although they have probably never been in these parts before. Many ladies share these notions, and then, of course, all argument is useless. A man who joins a mountain-party in which ladies are included must resign himself to plenty of inconvenience.

The preparations are as extensive as if for an exodus from Egypt. Plaids, coffee-mills, parasols, and articles of every conceivable kind, are carried to the mountains. Terrible scenes ensue when a headstrong mountain-brook crosses the path, or a declivity ten or twelve feet deep is reached where Nature has neglected to provide steps. First of all, the baggage is thrown down, and the most courageous leaps upon it, holding out her arms to receive the others, while the mothers turn away their heads in horror from the sight of the results to their daughters' costumes—but "necessity has no law."

The *Sennerinnen* are not always well dis-

posed toward the fine ladies and gentlemen, especially if they knock at their doors at an inconvenient season. They prefer the heavy tread and lusty shout of their lovers to the soft, plaintive, minor tones of the hungry strangers, who turn every thing upside down, soiling the freshly-scoured floor with their muddy boots, disturbing a cow with her newborn calf, and expecting the *Sennerinn* to attend to them when she is watching for her lover. At such times we must be thankful if we get so much as a pail of milk to refresh us, and not be surprised if we are treated with scant ceremony.

Sometimes strangers fare still worse, for the oppression under which the peasants so long groaned in the hard times gone by has rendered them rather malicious, so that they take a pleasure in playing tricks on travelers, and often cause them unnecessary and undeserved suffering.

It is quite the fashion nowadays for a peasant who catches a young gentleman stealing to inflict summary punishment upon him, for a guide to hoax his employers about the eggs of the chamois, etc., or for a host to set roast-mutton before his guests à la scholastica. This does not seem so bad for tourists after bringing such things on themselves; but sometimes the peasants resort to less excusable means of giving annoyance—as, for instance, near the Spitzingsee, a few years ago. It was a fête-day, and the peasants had rather more to drink than was good for them. A number of daintily-dressed ladies were seated in one of the huts, when several men began to sing *Schnaderhüpfel*, not very carefully selected. The mothers hurried to the door in dismay, eager to get their daughters out of the reach of the poison. But, behold! the door was bolted, and, in spite of earnest entreaties, it was not until the concert was over that it was opened.

It may be a good place to let a German describe a German scene in his own fashion. Here is the way in which Mr. K. Stieler makes a chapter upon "Wet Days in the Mountains:"

"This dreadful weather, will it never change?" growls the *Kommerzienrath* (counselor of commerce), meeting the *Regierungsrath* (counselor to the government), as he takes his constitutional under his umbrella.

"Good-evening, Amalia," says a voice from the second floor, 'are you going out in this weather? Oh, dear! when will it stop raining? All our children have got colds!'

"There are whole days in the mountains when nothing is heard but this melancholy strain of complaint. Double-soled boots and good temper can't last forever, and a perfect deluge is testing to the powers of human endurance to the utmost. It has lasted a whole fortnight. Every one is afflicted with cold, headache, and *ennui*. Is it any wonder that the whole party is low-spirited and irritable? What do people do with themselves on such days? It is our present task to answer this question; and the fair Muse sitting beside us, instead of raising her wing, puts up an umbrella. What would we not now have given for a stout water-proof? But such a thing is not to be had for love or money.

"These wet days upset all our plans, and

many are the good intentions dissolved in water. Who can tell what aims inspired the crowds assembled here? The athletes want to take exercise, the captain to fish, the children to catch butterflies, and the mothers to marry their daughters. All this is, of course, at a stand-still on wet days, for neither fishes nor men will bite when the sun does not shine. Most of the families lodge in farm-houses, where comfort is but little understood. All manner of contrivances are resorted to: a trunk does duty as a chair, and the candle is stuck in the empty inkstand of the master of the house. It is a case of making the best of a bad job.

"Wet mornings can only be got through by having plenty of occupation, so the mother writes the long-delayed letter (for who ever writes until he is obliged?), while the old gentleman reads his paper in the next room, and stamps his foot angrily to enforce silence when the children become too noisy. The elder daughter, who is already addressed as *Fräulein*, stitches diligently away at her work; and the children, puzzling over a sum set them by their tutor, are leaning on the table with their legs twisted round their chairs in the cramped attitude always assumed when a problem has to be worked out. All this to be done in one room without making a noise! The rain patters against the windows, and nothing breaks the monotony but the heavy tread of the postman. Hurrah! a letter for us!—but it's only a bill from the linen-draper at home.

"At eleven o'clock the gentlemen go to take their morning-dram. However it may pour, this is never neglected; it is, in fact, a matter of conscience, quite a moral obligation. There are plenty of pleasant spots all over Bavaria where a *petit verre* may be enjoyed, but the best are certainly those on the shores of the Tegernsee. Any one anxious to meet a friend in that paradise between eleven A. M. and one is sure to find him in the *Brauhaus*! (little room in the brewery). This praiseworthy custom, now observed in every castle, was originated by the retainers of the nobles; but a reformation, spreading from the lower to the upper classes, rapidly increased the circle of readers of the 'brown books in glass covers.' A small, smoky room is the favorite resort. An old mountain-hat, suspended from the ceiling by trailing ivy-branches, serves as chandelier; the portrait of the late king ('God bless him!'), and a few saints in frames, adorn the walls. Close at hand is a stone porch, a kind of 'chapel of ease.' Here people lounge on rough benches and all manner of extemporized seats, while the barmaid in her smart bodice bustles backward and forward, and, near at hand, the huge boilers hiss and splutter, and the sturdy brewers shout over their work.

"In this porch, and the little adjoining room, meet the thirsty, the witty, and the beautiful. A few years ago a number of great actors were assembled here. Many first tenors cleared their glorious voices here and sung the 'Evening Star' on their way home.

"Another year it is the professors' turn, and the porch becomes a miniature debating-hall; celebrities of every Faculty, from Berlin and Heidelberg, Munich and Göttingen, argue

together here, and some strict ecclesiastic may find himself by the side of a ballet-dancer. 'Aurions-nous, par hasard, une fois la même idée?'

"The bells ring for *table d'hôte* at about one o'clock in all the old Bavarian inns. From every side the guests hurry in, feeling that they have once more a pleasant duty to perform. Well-known tourists, who walk straight to their places; dripping excursionists, who gather nervously round the well-spread table and vacant chairs; pretty girls cowering beneath the wings of their governesses—a swarm of children, a confusion of greetings and compliments, and all take their places.

"Now begins a clatter which makes conversation impossible. The soup is hot, and a wail of pain bursts from the lips of those who have been too hasty, while others, wiser, wait until it cools, and watch their neighbors with criticising eyes.

"Do you see that stout man at the end of the table?' says the 'Superintendent' to the 'Frau Direktorin'; 'do you know who he is?'

"I am glad to say I don't,' she replies, in a piping tone; 'but if his thoughts are as limited as his *Joppe*, I shouldn't care to be the subject of them.'

"Don't be so malicious, madam, I beg of you,' says the doctor on the left, 'we all have our weak sides. I understand that you are fond of music.'

"So I am, but not as produced by our deaf neighbor, the baron. People say he has ordered a piano, for he is fond of duets—'

"But before the sentence is finished the doctor interrupts:

"Well, one must be fond of something, and he seems an honest man enough—'

"An honest man!' cries the professor from the other side; 'God help Germany!—honest men would long ago have been her ruin had not Count Bismarck—'

"The appearance of some half-sodden beef, rousing to the utmost the righteous indignation of all, puts an end to the discussion; but the passion for argument is only in temporary abeyance, and bursts forth afresh when the roast-mutton and cool salad are served.

"After the *table d'hôte* individual peculiarities become yet more apparent. The devourer of newspapers rushes upon the latest sheets, and devours the contents of the Augsburg evening paper before the afternoon is over. The banker retires to his own room, and settles himself to study the news in his easy-chair; and the young ladies bring out their fancy work, and are complimented on their industry.

"The proper thing to do on a wet afternoon in the country is to play a game of cards called 'tarot.' As etiquette is not so binding in the country as in town, the most heterogeneous groups are formed of 'high-born,' 'well-born,' and 'low-born.' The fair sex are sometimes called to take part in the game, when there are not enough gentlemen, and there are some who are positive 'tarot amazons.'

"Such a mountain-party forms quite a Highland *genre* picture. At the table a group

of three or four eager players, beneath it the long-legged farm-house curs, whose snoring mingles strangely with the fall of the cards, the rattling of the coins, and the sighs of the losers. The sky without is gray with heavy clouds; the atmosphere within is blue with the fumes of tobacco. Every face expresses that combination of weariness and eagerness which is the peculiar result of a gloomy day.

"Any one who has taken part in a game of 'tarot' cannot fail to vote it a most innocent afternoon amusement; it is exciting and interesting. Far more hazardous is the attempt to escape *ennui* on 'the wings of song.' Nowadays there is a wreck of a piano in every inn in the Bavarian Highlands, and bad weather is, of course, an opportunity for excruciating practising. Oh, the horror of the duets on the battered, discordant, two-legged instrument! Oh, the fearful trios!—verily they are a scourge of God to the unwilling listeners! Quite early in the morning the Lieutenant comes and plays a march, sitting astride on the stool, making the notes keep step, as if on parade. At mid-day an odor of beefsteaks floats from the room above.

"As soon as dinner is over, a piping simpleton, fresh from school, begins to sing; and, as misfortunes never come singly, she is soon joined by a friend, and the whole afternoon is made hideous with vocal and instrumental duets. One, two, three—four, five, six—four, five, six—over and over and over again!

"The gentlemen—not those who are playing tarot—are charmed, and their applause acts like oil upon the flames. One of them goes so far as to whisper to his neighbor: 'Might I ask you to introduce me to Miss Croaker when this song is over?'

"The songs chosen, too, are admirably appropriate to the occasion; the first is, 'O sunshine! O sunshine!'—'Listen how it pours!' pipes the old aunt. 'I would that my love could silently flow!' squeaks the cousin.

"And so the afternoon, enlivened by these trials of skill, drags slowly on. Well, we ought to take an interest in our fellow-creatures. This is why we discuss so earnestly what they had for dinner at the president's to-day, and whether the dreamy *Referendarius* (a government title) is in love with the elder or younger daughter.

"It is very pleasant, too, to sit in a dry balcony and watch the arrival of one's dripping fellow-creatures. Some come on foot, some in stuffy carriages, and all alike are worsted in the pursuit of pleasure. The procession looks as if it were told off to perform the seven works of mercy; but, alas! in these degenerate days there is no such thing as mercy!

"It generally clears up a little in the evening, and people employ this brief respite in making a promenade. Men and women march along behind one another as if they were just leaving Noah's Ark. Young ladies step daintily over the puddles, but the children follow the maxim of Horace, *ire in medias res*, and jump into the middle. Whole caravans of people meet each other in the twilight hours, and the burden of every one's remarks is: 'Let's hope it will be finer to-

morrow.' The host shares this general desire, and has bought himself a broken barometer, which always points to fair weather. Hence its name, the barometer of comfort.

"And now the evening has to be got through. For those who remain at home the mysteries of preparing for bed begin at half-past seven. The entire family partake of a simple meal in the farm-house they have hired. The tin plates belonging to the master of the house are pressed into the service, so are the drinking-vessels, painted with roses and forget-me-nots. The cups of a country-house are almost always decorated with flowers, the language of which is well understood. As eight o'clock strikes, the youngest child is bundled off to bed in a commodious wardrobe or a big trunk. Then papa smokes his 'pipe of peace,' and mamma brings out her knitting.

"It is very different for those who 'go out' of an evening. They are sitting shoulder to shoulder at the long table in the public-room of the inn.

"Sometimes there's dancing of an evening. It's easier to laugh, and talk, and flirt, moving about, and so the tables are unceremoniously pushed out of the way, and, as no one likes to begin, because some are too old and others too young, they all set off together. The sleepers on the floor beneath start up in horror at this social revolution. They hear shouts of 'Parisienne!' 'Polka-mazurka!' 'Vis-à-vis!' 'Cotillon!' and the last word is their death-blow. Meanwhile, the conservatives sit at the indispensable corner table, and look on with astonishment at the lawless doings of the townsfolk.

"At eleven o'clock the mothers commence the well-known dumb show to get their daughters to come home; but, as parents are more long-suffering in the country than at home, these gestures are not noticed until twelve o'clock, when the father becomes peremptory, the mother sleepy, and the girls disposed to listen to reason.

"A general wrapping-up ensues, a hunt for red hoods, blue hoods, loud warnings not to catch cold, water-proofs, overshoes, umbrellas!

"Every one at last reluctantly sets off home, after shrinking back at the sight of the rain dashing in beneath the door.

"Struggling groups toll along against the wind and rain through the narrow village streets and between the treacherous prickly-hedges. The little lantern goes out when they are about half-way home, and the 'admirer' escorting the ladies makes the bad weather an excuse for offering his arm to Dulcinea.

"At last the creaking house-door opens, and the damp figures disappear behind it. 'Good-night!—Good-night!' and all hurry off to bed.

"'Only listen how it pours!' says the mother to the father.

"And he replies, with an emphatic shake of the head, 'I hate the country!'

"'Only listen how it pours!' says the elder to the younger sister.

"And she nods her head and says, 'Yes, but it's great fun in the country!'

"... Parisienne! Cotillon! Vis-à-vis!"

ANDREW FLETCHER.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGUERITE KENT."

CHAPTER III.

WHETHER Miss Paget tried each afternoon to reach Dr. Carnegie's house by a different route, or, instead of coming at all, wandered far away over the fields to where the sea lay alone, Mr. Fletcher's prophetic inspirations were too many for her, and, turn whichever way she chose, he was always there before her, and so cool and nonchalant in his displays of ingenuity that really it seemed almost presuming in her to find fault, and she was mortified into thinking that perhaps after all he was just as much annoyed at the encounter as she, and that he would soon have the right to think her insisting upon putting herself in his way.

Well, of course this new and feverish pursuit began to tell upon his whilom devotion to Miss Carnegie, and he was becoming rapidly so heated and eager in it that he had quite forgotten now to be even remorseful, and to neglect to see the tender pallor that had come to supersede her somewhat monotonous bloom.

Only once in a while would he be to her just a little as he used to seem, and this—she did not know in her ecstasy of it—was a natural rebound of impulse from the fever-strain upon which Miss Paget kept him, that whenever he chanced to miss Miss Paget when he had set his heart upon meeting her, and Miss Carnegie came in his way instead, beautiful, and loving, and winning, all at once he threw himself at her, as it were, furious in his longing to forget his disappointment in the rack and tear of he did not care what kind of a counter-irritant.

Not that Miss Carnegie bore his humors meekly, and submissively made up her mind to take all the little that she could get and be properly thankful for it, knowing well that just beyond her reach was a store of sweets that he was husbanding jealously; but to rebel was as hopeless as to beat the air with both hands for being cold, or to try and climb out of water when dragged by it.

Sometimes she would appear reserved and cold in her turn, but this *role* she soon tired of—he seemed to care so little for her melancholy—and she found that her only successful way with him was to forget her heart-ache whenever he was by, and so shame him into the odds and ends of devotion by a glitter of behavior that could not fail to touch him, it was so truly sad.

Of course he had found out by this time where Miss Paget lived—in a quaint old house in Thames Street, the roof of which hung on it as though the queer, many-paned windows were blinking with old age, and had pulled it down over them like a brim, to shade them from the glare of fashion that every day swept by; and he had also been inside, having escorted Miss Carnegie thither one day, and he had been shown the initials said

to be those of De Vauban and Betsey Halliburton, that had been scratched upon one of the window-panes a century ago, and he had wondered at the furniture, old as the hills and as immovable.

But, as usual, he had been thwarted in his endeavors to meet Mary Paget face to face, for to-day she had sent word to Miss Carnegie that she was not at home to any one, and Miss Carnegie had looked as though she was not relieved, and he had been obliged, half speechless with disappointment, to spend the half-hour of the visit in chatting with the remainder of the family—an older sister who was not interesting in any way, and who could not, he thought, resemble the woman with whom he was so strangely and foolishly infatuated in face at all, else he had had all the labor of his passion for nothing; and the grandfather, a stately old hyphen of humanity connecting the age of scarlet coats, and lace ruffles, and powdered queue, with these latter days of sleek habiliments.

For several days after this, as if resenting his attempted intrusion upon her voluntary seclusion, she did not appear at Dr. Carnegie's house, neither at any of her usual haunts about the beach, nor inland, and it was not until he had become thoroughly disheartened did Fate take pity upon him, and allow him in one of his wanderings toward the eastern shore of the island to behold Miss Paget in the distance just-quitting a fisherman's hut.

But this afternoon he had not been able to overtake her without convicting himself in her eyes of having willfully dogged her footsteps; and, quieting his spirit as well as he was able, he decided to better his chances of favor in the future by remaining to-day unseen.

At an early hour the next afternoon Miss Carnegie's society was abandoned, and half-way between the town and the fisherman's hut on the shore, Fletcher had leaped a rail-fence, and, taking shelter from the road in an island of trees, the only spot of shade in a desert of pasture, made himself as patient as he could to watch and to wait.

Days and years after, he loved to think it over, at the same time feeling spasmed with contrition that he had proved himself to be the one discordant note marring the perfected music of Nature's song; how tufted the pasture was with the dandelions gone to seed; how the daisies, in the sweeps to and fro of the stiff sea-breeze, shied nervously their snowy crowns at one another; and afar the clouds rolled and foamed in a surf on the beach of the horizon.

He had stationed himself so that he could see her at least half a mile sooner than she could see him, and, after a little waiting, over the rise in the road, he saw her coming in that lifted, buoyant way, a seeming levitation of body that appeared to be possible only to her peculiar atmosphere.

He could not help loitering just a moment to watch her come fairly into sight, all the while his heart beating hot with blood; he could plainly feel the come and go of it, and that he was growing ecstatic like a boy in his thought of her.

Then he had crossed the pasture behind

the shelter of trees, and leaped the fence, and was cutting across lots to the shore.

It was a small hut built close to the wet margin of beach, among the barren hillocks of sand, with the sailor-birds flying over it restlessly, the waves trying over and over again to run up to its door, and with a rail-fence touching it on either side, as though nudging and telling it that it need not look so lonely, for there were other houses in the world, even if they staid a long way off, and would never come near.

There were two or three black, splintered oars thrown neglectfully one over the other against the rail-fence; there were newer, whiter ones, gleaming out like tusks in the glare of the sun from their bed of yellow beach, and in one of the boats drawn up from the water near them three children were playing.

Until now he had been sure of himself, with the assurance of a man who acknowledges himself sterile of all ability to repose confidence in the wisdom, under emergency, of anybody else; but now inexplicably, with the start of one awakening from a nightmare, at the sight of these three children playing there, he had lost his balance in a sudden jarring of his sandy props, that threatened to bring down his whole citadel, self-built, about his ears, and to teach him a lesson—that babies may creep and read about building upon sand.

He had been sure of himself when he had not been sure of himself at all—a hit at the weak spot in the heel of paradox, liable to provoke a retallating kick against his heretofore systematized vanities. He had provoked good fortune a little by his interminable demands upon its good-nature; his conception of the favor of chance had been far too abnormal; he had heated his sensibilities of the right and wrong of things too long as little children, had stunted and starved and put them in the corner where the fool's-cap is kept, with the lash of derision hung over them and ever ready to fall. Until now, behold this poor cripple, astray from its fellows, running home to his soul with outstretched hands, begging piteously to be taken, and crying that it had been sent to him by her!

He was glad of any new three which this wonderful woman had the power to make him feel—since the sensation was so sure to be a purifying one, because self-dissatisfying; and to-day, standing there in the noontide of contrition, and awakening and longing to have another chance of good, while deprecating the tickle of the lash, he was yearning to have it laid on harder, with the inconsistency of a man who is really a boy at heart, but who fights with all his might and main against being one.

Hitherto he had always been equal to the occasion, ever alert to take advantage of any little indiscretion upon the part of circumstance, and to appear so well authorized by reason in whatever he should presumptuously choose to say or do, as to have very little difficulty in proselyting even himself to the idea he had only said or done that, in the saying or doing of which, he had not had the slightest degree of control.

Now he stood in the sight of the children, snatching at them in his thoughts as a help along toward strength wherewith to give up mortgaging further Satan's supply of mischief for the other idle vagabonds in the world, almost nervously wondering what possible excuse he could give her to-day for being there, unless it were the children; he who had been so prolific in strategical fibs all his life—how he would nerve himself to appear as though he had not dogged and spied upon her, or to act out to the end, when he felt himself to be so unworthy, the rôle that had never been a hinderance to him before—the one of a true-hearted gentleman!

There were the children still playing in the boat—they might serve as a partial excuse to her for his being there, and so he would go and talk to them.

As he went, he laughed aloud at his shadow going too. It seemed so forgiving in the law of reflection when he had become so brainless to allow him to cast a shadow with a head to it.

The children, two girls and a boy, were playing tea-party, with a tin mug half full of water, some flat pebbles, two or three shingles, and a few scallop-shells.

They had put crumbled bread on the shingles, and bits of cheese in a scallop-shell as a centre-piece.

The very first thing Fletcher did was to put a penny in each of the empty scallop-shells. There were three, and that made a penny apiece for the children.

Even the children thought it a strange thing for him to do, and, in the midst of their gratitude, stared up at him round-eyed with astonishment.

Perhaps Fletcher did it because he had begun, almost without knowing it, to feel that there was nothing else left in the world for him that he would not have to buy.

"Oh! there's Miss Paget—there's Miss Paget!" shouted the boy, looking past Fletcher, who was stooping over the gunwale and begging the smaller girl for a bit of cheese—"run and tell sis, Polly, and tell her she's got a basket on her arm: it'll make her feel good."

"It's peaches," said the child, dropping the cheese. "I can always tell, my mouth waters so."

"Do you wish one?" asked Fletcher.

The sun was conflagrating the surface of the water, and made the blood come hot into his face.

"They're for sis," half-whispered the child, trying to look solemn; "she's sick. We have to take care of ourselves now, and we ain't whipped. It ain't half so much fun doing things—there's nobody to say we sha'n't but old Aunt Bet."

"Don't you want a peach?" asked Fletcher, looking now at the other girl—a motherly soul, who had rigged a rag head upon a stick, featured it with rough pencil-marks, and was holding it, wrapped in the ragged end of a shawl, clasped close to the waist of her pinafore.

"Yes, I do; but I don't like to ask. They're for sis, and it 'ud look mean."

"Well, I will be mean for you." Then he was no longer either stooping, nor begging

leave to play tea-party, but was stamping footprints in the damp sand toward Miss Paget, about entering the door to the hut.

"Please, Miss Paget, the children want a peach."

"I am sorry that I have no peaches. I only have Bartlett's"—then she lifted the cover of her basket to allow him to take his pick—"perhaps they will do as well."

She stood so, and it took him some time to make his choice.

"The basket won't be so heavy to carry now," he said; "and, for robbing you, when I get back to town I will send out some more Bartlett's to sis."

When she was gone from his sight within, he loitered only a moment about the door, and then went back to give the pears to the children, and to seat himself astride the flat-boat's prow so far away that he would not have to play tea-party any more, but so that anybody emerging suddenly from the hut-door, or peeping strategically from a window, would be assured that children's amusements were his specialty, and he was sorry to be grown-up when there were Bartlett-pears about.

The children had eaten their pears, cores, and stems, and the black eyes at the other end of them, and still she did not come.

His shadow, as he sat astride the boat-prow, shortened and flattened, and slid round on the sand like a knowing thing. The tide crept stealthily out, leaving half-moons of damp where the breakers had been.

The prong-tailed terns kept coming and going as though they knew he was foolish, and had come to have another look. There was a living wheel of sand-pipers, a hundred deep, circling ceaselessly over him.

She staid very long, indeed; much longer than she had ever staid before. The children, tired of playing tea-party, wanted to run away to a new device, and startled him from his quiescent mood into a story-telling one by tartly suggesting the desertion. So they heard narrated, for the first time, the hair-breadth escapes of Jack the Giant-Killer, and the agaric sprouting of that preposterous bean-stalk.

He never had liked telling stories, and he never had cultivated the art of patience, and he was very tired of sitting there in the hot sun with nothing better to do.

Miss Paget did not fancy the situation either. Old Aunt Bet was beginning, for the third time, to tell her story of her son's shipwreck and his escape from the cannibals; and sis, tired of being read to, had shut her big, hollow eyes in a way that showed she had kept them open for the sake of politeness as long as she possibly could.

"Go to sleep, sis—don't mind me—I would like to sit here a little while beside you if I may," she was forced at length to say; and then she shook her finger, warning Aunt Bet not to disturb the sick girl, by insisting upon telling the rest of her story; and this gesture sent the old woman growling into the kitchen beyond, and to the cooking of the children's dinner.

It left her a little moment to quiet herself in, and she could not help snatching at it with her whole soul, both her hands were so

weak when they should be strong, and her cup so large in lifting, and there was so much to drink in it, and she was getting so far away in her extremity from God!

She sat there listening to the fretful swing to and fro in the draft of the hut-door; to the kissing sound of the waves, as, brittle with white-caps, they broke over each other's back; to the querulous cries of the sea-birds; and ever and anon to the murmur in between of his voice, as he told his fairy-tales to the children, vexing their ears out of the conceit of any more of Aunt Bet's; and coming to her through the window like the heart-sickening refrain of a song that one loves, but which one must not listen to ever.

The veil was still drawn over her face, and it was wet with stinging tears. The sick girl was fast asleep now, so she got up carefully and went away from the window, that the sound of his voice came through, to the very darkest corner she could find. Here, standing with her back turned even upon the sleeping girl, she untied her veil, and, removing it from her face, folded it so that the wet spot would not show. Her eyes were full of tears, and, before she could put on her veil again, she must wipe them away. Then, almost without knowing it, she was kneeling, with her arms thrown up against the rough, unplastered wall, and she was in thought clinging to him, and baring her face for him to see.

These words had staid with her always—"I will come back to see it some day after I've been to Paris and gotten well; I know I can't help loving it, and shall dream all the time what it is like"—and she had caressed and made much of them, even although each word had been a blow, and she had thought that he would never remember enough to have them come true.

The wall was rough, and it scratched the pretty, tender flesh of her hands; the splinters caught two or three of her flying hairs upon them; the crack open between the boards made a long, white mark where her cheek was pressed against it; but it really was not so—she was at his feet—she was clasping him, and lifting her face, and begging him to see:

"He sent from above, He took me,
He drew me out of many waters."

She knew now they were only rough boards. She started up from her knees, as though somebody had touched and called her by name. It was only the sick girl stirring in her sleep, and saying over a bit of a psalm.

She stood for an instant, bracing herself for action. The same sounds came through the window—the screams of the birds; the rush of the breakers; the here-and-there murmur of his voice. Her veil was drawn again about her head, and tied. She was drawing on her gloves, and moving away from the dark corner toward the bed.

Here she stooped, and swiftly put a light kiss upon the remindful lips of the dreaming girl.

Aunt Bet, coming out from the kitchen, stopped her to say good-by, and beg her to come again soon.

Perhaps Fletcher heard the good-by spoken; for, when she emerged from the hut-door, he was no longer sitting astride the boat-prow, but had advanced half-way up the beach.

"I have made your basket sufficiently light for me to be able to carry it now," he said, coming close to her and holding out his hand.

"Oh, no; you only expedited matters. It would have been emptied sooner or later."

"Please let me carry it for you. Just hear how I beg! You ought to have a tenderness for beggars."

"No; they never get any thing from me. I only give to those who don't ask."

"You should not hide your light under such a bushel. You will set fire to the basket;" and he was still holding out his hand toward the basket, and almost touching it.

Until now they had been standing, facing each other, just outside the hut-door, as if Miss Paget either was in no hurry to get home, or wanted to make him understand that she expected to bid him a good-afternoon here. But he seemed obtuse and something else at the same time, and she soon began to realize that she was not as equal to the occasion as she had hoped to be, and that it would be better for her, perhaps, to ignore the situation, and to get home as soon and as quietly as possible.

So she kept the basket, feeling that it was sort of a company to have it to hold in her hand, and began to move away from the beach to the upland where the road began.

"I have been wondering what becomes of all the smart young ones?" Fletcher went on, as he followed—"those children playing in the boat there are such prodigies. Tell me, Miss Paget, about them."

"I cannot even tell you their ages. Oh, yes; I can tell you one pretty thing. It has touched me so. I come once in a while to see them when it is perfectly convenient for me to do so, and to bring a once-in-a-while good thing to sis, who is sick and who will never get well. I have my favorite window—one that I go into raptures about—it overlooks the beach and the surf that comes rolling so beautifully in. To-day, Aunt Bet showed me how the children had decorated my window with some wild-flowers, that they had gone far inland to find."

"They had not you to put there, so they put the next best thing," said Fletcher.

They had reached the barren top of the sandy hillock now, from which they could see the trees afar, acting exactly as though they were beckoning them on; while, on the other hand, the beach stretched a little way, scalloped wet by the surf, and blossomed white with shells. The sea-breeze came whipping across the water and up over the sand in such a keen, strong way, that she had to fight hard to behave against it so that he could have no possible excuse to offer to help her.

They walked together some time, talking of indifferent things, with an occasional lapse in between of silence, that was so eloquent of restraint that it was almost as though he

had spoken, and with every step he was getting nearer to what he had to say.

Almost before he was aware, he was telling her, "Miss Paget, I came here to meet you to-day."

After he had spoken, he scarcely believed that he had spoken at all—every thing was so exactly as it had been. The yachts out yonder were ducking their white sails to the calm breeze, as they had been doing for an hour past, and the clouds overhead were scudding along, like white roses scattered before a gale.

"Please be more like other women," he added presently, in an extremity of self-derision, "and don't make me act so much like a boy. Did I speak back there, or didn't you hear? Please let me know, for, if you don't answer because you did not like it, I will say it all over again."

"I certainly did not hear. I would not say it over again, for then it would not amount to any thing."

"It was not as little in the beginning as you think. Are you listening?"

"I am compelled to."

"Then make me ashamed of myself by acting as though you forgave me—listen!"—and he was close to her now, and telling her, in a series of hasty, remorseful words, how hearty he was hating himself for having dogged her and spied upon her, and treated her in every way as though, like other women that he had known, she had expected it of him.

"I did not know, Mr. Fletcher, that you had done all this," she answered, as clearly and quietly as she was able, and staring eagerly away toward the town-edge, as though wondering how much longer it would take her to get there.

"Then you make me only the more ashamed of myself. I do not know why, but you have the power of causing my little misdemeanors to look as gigantic to me as would first-class crimes, and I am so sorry for them, and I haven't any mother, and I want you to take pity on me and treat me the way she used to, when I ran to her to cry."

"I will forgive you."

"But that way is exasperating. You shall never forgive me in that way again. Tell me, have you a good memory?"

She dropped her basket now, and, in stooping for it before he could, forgot to answer.

"I want to take you back to the time of my sickness here, at Dr. Carnegie's. Do you remember how you used to go past my door every day—do you remember how I begged you to come in, and how you scarcely ever would unless I broke a plate as an incentive—do you remember what I said to you at parting? I insist that you must remember, and I want to tell you that I have come back to keep my word."

She turned upon him here with a swift, passionate gesture of one hand uplifted.

"How can you live and have the heart to torture me so?"

"I question you instead: What extraordinary power has God given you to make such a fool of me? You have almost kicked me out of your way whenever I have gotten into

it. Yet I like my tumbles and the scars that my pride and self-love get. You make me frantic with a longing to be something better than I am. Somehow, in your mysterious, magnetic way, you have become incarnate to me of all the purity and dignity that I used to believe, when I had a mother, was necessarily part and parcel of your sex. And yet, acknowledging all this, as I walk here at your side, I am so bitter with the thought that perhaps, after all, you have not been acting a part, and really do not care, that I am as ready to laugh at you as to make love to you. Perhaps it is because I have not the heart to laugh at myself."

"You say you have dogged me. You have acted the spy. Please make me forget that you have done these ungenerous things by being considerate now. Remember, I am here all alone with you, and, if you must insist, I must listen unwillingly to what you have to say. I beg you to leave me now."

"You do not realize how very far gone I am in idiocy, or else you would sooner think of asking me to commit suicide. Every thing you do or say only serves to drive me on. You cannot make a mistake. I won't believe that I am suffering such torments in this way for the first time in my life, and all for you, and that the law of compensation doesn't work my way just a little. I tell you—and the thought comes over me like a sudden rush of blood—you were made for me. If you die without having loved me, you will die without having lived."

They were over the last hillock of sand, when one or two stunted pines, shaking in the rough sea-breeze, threw starved and restless shadows upon the ground.

"Why have you never told me this before?"

"What a question! You cannot throw me off my balance in that way. It is not like you to ask such a thing. You betray yourself. I have stirred you. There is one thing more that I must tell you."

She stood still here, with both hands uplifted, and her head drooping away from him as though holding the very sound of his voice off. He stooped to pick up the basket which she had dropped.

"It is this—listen: You make me tell you very unsuitable things out here in the glare of this hot sun. In all my life I have never before told a woman that I loved her before I had kissed her lips. But I tell you that I love you with all my soul, although I have never yet seen even your face."

A long, dead silence.

"Only think what I have told you, and try and act to me the way other women do. No, I don't mean that. I wouldn't have you for the world; but I want you to be more natural to yourself than you just now are. Look at me. Will you not?"

No answer and no change in the way she was standing there, as if each word he uttered was beating her, and she must turn upon him soon.

"I love you so!—will you not show me your face?"

She stirred now for the first time. It was to raise her hands spasmodically to un-

tie the knot of the veil folded so closely about her head.

When she had succeeded in untying it, and, with almost a shudder of repentance, was about to press her hands in an after-thought to keep it in its place, the wind came in another strong gust, roughening the white caps into a bigger froth on the waves, snatching the veil, as it were, from her nervous hands, and blowing it in a string far over the rail-fence which was here begun, to catch among the white puffs of the dandelions gone to seed.

When she felt it go, she turned her back upon him, and hid her face deep in both hands. Then she stood half stooping, as one involuntarily does when abject with some terrible grief.

"I will go after it," he said, touched to a sensation of remorse by the unconscious suggestion of despair in her attitude.

He leaped the fence, tore the veil from the spiky tops of the dandelions, and was back again in a trice.

"Here is your veil," he said, and then he stopped half-way between the rails and the road where she stood, feeling somehow as though he could go no farther.

She was standing just as he had left her, with the rough wind catching wildly at every stray hair and ribbon, and casting a lonely, tremulous shadow upon the sandy road-side. Her face was turned from him, and hidden in her hands. But he could see fairly how prettily the head was shaped, with a blaze here in the sun of bronze hair all over it. He could see the scarlet tide pulsing up over the show of white neck, and the shell-shaped ins and outs of the delicate ear.

Only the roar of the waves, the rush of the wind, and an occasional cry of some sea-faring bird, seemed to catch the breath of the intense silence.

As timidly almost as a child would approach a corner given up to mystery and gloom, Fletcher came softly over the margin of wayside grass, still holding the veil in his hand.

"Here is your veil," he repeated, and he would have been astonished if any one had told him that it was a repetition, he was forgetting every thing so.

She moved slightly, as if intending to take one hand from her face to put it behind her for him to give the veil into it. But she disappointed him. The hand was quickly taken into its place as a cover, and she had taken two or three unsteady steps away toward the town, which was quite near now.

"Do not run away from me. Do not act so strangely." He had come close, and was almost touching her in his anxiety. "Why may I not look at you? why do you turn your face away so? are you afraid it will displease me? do you care enough for me for that? If it were not such broad daylight, I would make you hide it somewhere else. I am jealous even of your own hands."

One by one she dropped her hands down from before her face, leaving it bared to the sunlight.

"Look at me," he said.

Rigid and erect, with her head held high, she turned deliberately to face him.

IN THE AVENUE JOSEPHINE.

IT was a long journey from Winterfield to Paris, longer than miles could measure, for it was a journey from one set of ideas to another, and these Alps of memory and education and early association are hard to climb.

Winterfield, perhaps the coldest and most secluded of New-England towns, had been my world up to the time of my translation to Paris. There was a legend that we were named for the Earl of Winter; but I doubt. We were named from a gentleman who perhaps was his cousin, Sir Jack Frost, he who received his accolade with an icicle instead of a sword. Winterfield had been named for him with a keen sense of the fitness of things.

There had I spent my colorless life, for I was born out of my generation; the youngest of a large family, I was only as old as my sister's children.

Thus thrown out—disjointed, as it were, from that grand general suitability which accompanies those who trot along with their own chronology—I lived alone with my old parents, and heard of my brilliant sisters, who had left us long ago. One of them, my eldest, had married a Colonel Berwick, and had gone to Manila when I was six years old. We had never seen her since.

Then I married, at a suitable age, a man old enough to be my father, a learned and studious person, to whom I owe ten years of most improving association, and whom I mourned sincerely; but to say that it was ever a romantic love-affair would be to do Mr. Fenwick and myself great injustice.

So, at thirty-three, I was already an old woman, living alone in an early widowhood in my empty house, the home of my childhood.

In my quiet mourning-dress I went about the lonely place, pursuing my student-habits which my husband had bequeathed me, and being rather afraid of the Winterfield criticism if I indulged in a new widow's cap, or a bonnet from a New-York mourning-store. Our prize pauper, old Mrs. Jagers, sat at the commanding post of observation in Winterfield church, and I was conscious of a gleam of disapprobation in her cold old eye as I entered morning-service with a new bonnet on. It was of the severest bombazine, but I knew old Mrs. Jagers thought from its shape that I was getting worldly. We supported Mrs. Jagers, and read to her dutifully, because she was the one poor person in Winterfield, and I think she took airs accordingly.

But summers and springs would come, even in Winterfield, and the human heart will rise and swell, and the blood will beat in the veins as does the sap in the trees. I began to throw off the gloom and the heavy crape, to think of the rose-tint in the trailing arbutus, and to watch for the deeper flash of the rose. Had I been under the stimulating influence of a tyranny, I should have burst my chains and have flown away to brighter scenes and a more exciting atmosphere; but I was bound down by the soft chains of habit;

I was in the most perfect slavery, because an unconscious one. Had nothing outside come in, I should have been there still, afraid of Mrs. Jagers; conscious only, as spring or summer came about, of a gentle restlessness, and regarding myself as a dreamer, if I but plucked a rose-bud, and furtively pinned it in my dress.

But destiny came to me through the post-office one day, in the form of a letter from my brother-in-law, Colonel Berwick. My sister had long been dead, and I knew that the colonel—a very grand and rich person—was living in Paris with his daughter, my niece Gertrude, named for me.

Colonel Berwick had not been a favorite with my father, nor had his name been handed down to me with much respect. There were unhandsome traditions about the colonel. Some said he had not treated my sister well, others that he simply was one of those besotted people who began by being jealous of his wife's family, and who desire to alienate a woman's feelings from those whom God has made particularly her own. I did not know, I was very ignorant of these near relatives, so I read his letter with intense curiosity. I will give it in its entirety, as it tells its own story best:

"MY DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW: I have a long gulf to cross in thus addressing you, not having seen you since you were a child. I am now an elderly man, and you a mature woman, and we have a common interest in one person, my daughter and your niece, Gertrude. It becomes necessary for her to have a chaperon in society here, and, as I do not intend to marry again, I have thought it proper to ask you, as her nearest relative, to come to us and to assume that place. I know that you are a widow and alone, and, from all I hear of you, you are a person eminently fitted to accompany my daughter into society and to preside over my establishment here. Suppose you come and try? I have never been a favorite with the family of my late wife, I am well aware, but, whether that was my fault or theirs, I leave you to judge hereafter. I am sure, when you see Gertrude, that you will like her, whether you like me or not. If you will make a trip to Paris (not considering an objectionable thing by most ladies), and spend this winter with us, you shall have every facility offered to you for returning if you do not like it.

"I may add that my household consists of my daughter and a young friend of hers and mine, Phoebe Morton, who is the child of a deceased partner in business, and a ward of mine; also my private secretary, Mr. Grosvenor; and the girl's governess, a very clever Frenchwoman, who may be dispensed with when you arrive. Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience.

"Respectfully, your brother-in-law,
"ALGERNON BERWICK."

Well, I liked the colonel's letter; there was a straightforward selfishness about it which pleased me. He wanted me to help along his own projects, and he said so. I knew very little of the world, but I did know this: people who are selfish and say so, who

do not veil their designs with a specious guise of doing you a service, are apt to be much more honest in the long-run than those who, beginning, perhaps, by deceiving themselves, try to deceive you.

Then, perhaps, that spring tide, so long delayed in my case, which had been rising in my dull, belated heart, swelled a little at this wonderful prospect. Just as I was going on, like the second calender wanting an eye, opening doors in my dreamy speculations, here came an unexpected hand throwing open for me the brilliant door in all the world. I might not, like the calender, see the prince with the marble legs, but I should see Napoleon III., who was the next best thing to him, and who was destined afterward to show greater talents for running away than that poor, enchanted gentleman could possibly have shown.

Then I thought of my own failings. Could I fill the situation? I spoke French well enough, that I knew; for my husband had been an accomplished linguist, and was not satisfied with the French of Chaucer's heroine; but did I speak that other language for which no Chouquet, or Fasquelle, or Ollendorff, can fit us—for which no "French without a Master" has ever been written; that language, the most complicated, curious, and finished in the world, which the greatest of geniuses have regretted that they could not learn, and which the most flippant and thinnest of intellects have sometimes acquired; that language most indispensable to women, most useful to men? Could I speak it with its "give and take," its ready quotation, its aroma of the moment, its mingled wit and seriousness, its wisdom which should never be heavy, and its wit which should not be too light? Could I speak the language of society?

No, I knew I could not; but I could do one thing: I could refrain from speaking; and one of my choicest books told me that, if "speech is silver, silence is golden." Gold, I am told, is always at par all over the world.

I could at least treat my brother-in-law's guests to a golden silence—a rare thing in woman. I could trust to the great French nation to do the talking.

So I answered my brother-in-law that I would come; and, fearing to trust my resolution to time and to Winterfield criticism, I went off like a thief in the night, and took the first steamer that sailed.

I never knew how Mrs. Jagers looked when she heard I was gone. Indeed, that mighty ocean swallowed up such anxieties and fears. I found myself in the Avenue Josephine before my mental attitude had recovered its equilibrium.

"This vast continent," said the most eloquent of modern patriots, Kosuth—"this vast continent still trembles under my uncertain feet," when he had been on shore two days. So, on landing at Havre, I felt that France, always unstable, brilliant, uncertain France, was particularly shaky under my foot for several days.

My brother-in-law received me with great politeness. He was a tall, thin man, very stylish and well preserved, and particularly well dressed. As I arrived about dinner-time,

I saw the whole family at once. My niece Gertrude came to my arms and heart. Kindred spoke loudly in our two organizations; and, although we had never met, we were friends from the first.

No such sentiment filled my breast as I was presented to Phoebe. There was a self-sufficient little mouth put up to mine to kiss, and propriety itself could not have behaved better; but I disliked her from the first, and I have kept on with that state of feeling ever since.

There was a quiet young man at the table, who said nothing—Mr. Grosvenor, as I afterward learned. My brother-in-law left us at ten o'clock for a party, and afterward for a ball, which was his rule. I found, to my immense astonishment, that he was a great dancer, engaged for the "German" every evening, and keeping up his fashionable dancing-acquaintance with great vigor. This was my first blow. An elderly brother-in-law who danced had never been heard of in Winterfield.

Gertrude took me in hand, and in a few days I was transformed into a fashionable woman. I did not know myself, as a young, rather jaunty person, with a very elaborate coiffure came tripping toward me from the long parlor-mirror. It was myself, *resartus*.

What would Mrs. Jagers have said?

The colonel, although a gay dancer, had the sense to fill his dinner-table with clever, literary, talking men once a week. Prévost-Paradol, ignorant of Fate's cruel mandate; Prosper Mérimée (I am not the "Inconnue"), fast falling into that melancholy which afterward mastered him, but still brilliant and delightful; Laboulaye, Coquerel, and many other thinkers and talkers, assembled around the table in the Avenue Josephine. With these men I could talk; but with the gay and fashionable women, whom the colonel loved, I was as mute as a fish. But I got on better than I had hoped in that cosmopolitan society. There was always some one agreeable person for every age and style.

Gertrude was a beauty of the highest order. She was tall, slender, blond, with large blue eyes, from which had not been forgotten long dark lashes, which gave them an expression beyond all praise; her nose was gently aquiline, and her mouth was almost perfect, rosy, but just a little too large. It was a fault on the right side, for those Oriental pearls behind it bore the closest inspection. Her blond hair was not like that of the empress; it was, I thought, more beautiful, although Eugénie was in her proudest beauty that winter. Gertrude had the charm, very remarkable for a child born and partly reared in the East, of a color which rose and fell in her cheek with her passing emotions—a clear red-and-white skin, like that of an English girl.

"That comes from Winterfield," thought I, as I remembered the beauties wasting their sweetness on that lonely plain.

Such a beautiful girl, the daughter of an American father, who had one of the most luxurious establishments, and who drove the second or third best horses in the Bois, of course had numerous admirers. I thought after a few months' observation that perhaps

she would have had more, had not the colonel been so gay. The wary Frenchman, looking out for a dot, did not enjoy this vision of a robust father-in-law, who might himself marry some day.

My first experience of the girls in society was at a ball at the Tuileries, where I began my public duties as chaperon. The colonel had put me in good spirits by pronouncing favorably on my appearance, and assuring me that nothing could exceed the propriety of my gray satin, black lace, and a few old-fashioned strings of pearls, which were my only jewels.

Phoebe was a business-like girl, who knew how to take care of herself, and, although inferior in every sense to Gertrude, always contrived to have bouquets and partners. She was handsome in her way, with bold eyes, and a self-satisfied mouth, as I have said, and no good gift of Fortune escaped her for want of her taking it. Gertrude, on the contrary, was an absent-minded person, a creature made up of abstract truth and generosity, somewhat (I am afraid it runs in the family) given to dreaming and castle-building, so that much of the opportunity of society passed her by. She was worlds above all vulgar scheming, while Phoebe was just on a level with it.

There was to be an especial quadrille late in the evening, which the colonel wished Gertrude to be in, but Gertrude was not in it. Phoebe was, dancing with the Prince Severus, the great beau of the winter.

Then the colonel showed his hand. He came to me furiously, and asked me "if that was the way I did my chaperoning."

I did not answer the colonel; I never do answer an angry man—it is one of the especial occasions when you find that silence is golden; but I found out two things. The colonel hated Phoebe as much as I did. He had invoked me to protect Gertrude. He intended that I should be the true French, intriguing mamma—that I should perform that lowest of all possible *roles*, the keeper, who whips up the preserves. I, in fact, was to go prince-hunting for my beautiful niece, and the colonel was willing to pay the highest price for an aristocratic son-in-law.

In our talk the next morning, I gave in my resignation. I told the colonel that I neither could nor would be a tuft-hunter, nor would I help him to sell his daughter. I was an abolitionist of the deepest dye, and Mr. Lincoln was elected, as we knew that he would be. "Did he think, after fighting black slavery all my life, I was about to endorse white slavery, and sell my own niece into bondage?"

The colonel got cool as I got warm, so he had the advantage.

"Mrs. Fenwick," said he, "I appear to have ruffled you. I beg your pardon for my hasty words of last evening. I take them all back. I beg of you not to desert Gertrude. I will manage her social politics myself. But I wish that you would, however, restrain Phoebe a little. Cannot that be done?"

"Colonel," said I, coming back from a day-dream, "who is Phoebe?"

The colonel gave me an odd glance.

"Why, Phoebe is—Phoebe!" said he.

"Is there any reason why she should live here and be like Gertrude's sister in importance and position?"

"Yes, there is. I promised her father on his death-bed that I would take care of her, and be a father to her. Phoebe is a nice little thing enough. Gertrude likes her, and she is all right, only a little too much of a *manager*. Gertrude is too little of one. Now, could not your womanly tact—"

"My womanly tact can do one thing, colonel," said I; "it shall enable me to protect one fair young tree from the grasp of a *parasite*."

The colonel rose and shook hands with me. He was from the South, had been in the army before he went into business; and sometimes, in spite of his long absence and his business and society education, a little of that West Point heartiness and simplicity which is so attractive clung to him. It came out in that action, and made peace between us.

I had at this time, too, a new interest of my own in the arrival of my husband's nephew, Alston Fenwick, in Paris, a young Southerner of distinction, who came to Paris laden with secret diplomatic instructions for the "new departure" of the then brooding Confederacy.

Nothing could be more intensely antagonistic than Alston's political feelings and mine, but he was one of those gifted and fascinating human beings who take your reason captive, and whom you are obliged to agree with whether you will or not. His first salutation, and his affectionate "Aunt Gertrude," his simplicity, modesty, and good-breeding, overcame me, and I asked the colonel's leave to put him on a familiar footing in the house.

Alston made his impression at one of the colonel's conversational dinners. His French was faultless, and he held his own even in that gay company of wits and epigrammatists. I have never met a better table-talker than he was, or a more accomplished man. He was one of those brilliant Southerners who did so much to enlist all Europe on their side early in the war, although it is a remarkable national peculiarity—all Southerners talk well.

Prince Severus had, by this time, become one of our *habitués*. A superb person, good manners, and a noble family, Prince Severus was, of course, the courted of mammas and beloved of daughters. The colonel wanted him very much for a son-in-law, but he was a queer fellow, and seemed to like to talk to me better than any thing else, perhaps because I always talked about Gertrude.

My recollections seem to be arranging themselves in the form of a Quaker meeting, all the men on one side, and all the women on the other. But I must, before I go on with them, mention Lord Alfred Playfair, the most conspicuous young Englishman who frequented our parties, and who became at once a friend of ours and an admirer of Gertrude. I must say, if I indulged in any match-making propensity, it was in his favor. Our days went on in a perpetual round of most brilliant gayety. The Avenue Josephine had the great fault of being too American, I thought, and Southern and Northern politics ran high. The colonel was on the Southern

side, and took Alston Fenwick to his heart at once. We had quite enough of "North and South" that winter.

Mr. Grosvenor, the colonel's secretary, spent part of every day with him, transacting business, and writing notes and letters. The rest of the day he was at my disposal, and the most useful, untiring, and mysterious of beasts of burden, a small, quiet man, an Englishman who had lived long in the East, and who had acquired all the stillness, rapid movement, and dexterity of an emir. He would go and buy tickets for the opera, accompany us thither or not, as we wished; spend the morning with Gertrude and myself at the Hôtel Cluny; go after a newly-arrived notability, and secure his presence at one of our parties; look up all the new books, take the vacant seat in the carriage, never be in the way; always ready to go, never offended if left out, speaking all the languages, and a perfectly presentable person in dress and manners. I began to admire Mr. Grosvenor as a species of social chameleon, who could take on any color; at the same time I did not know him any better at the end of three months than I had at the first. He was an embodiment of caution, and pervaded the atmosphere of our busy house like one of its invisible elements—oxygen, or hydrogen, or ozone.

I began to perceive that Mr. Grosvenor was watching me. He seemed to have eyes in the back of his head for all my in-goings and out-comings. Since our little quarrel the colonel and I had been better friends, and on one or two occasions the colonel had asked me to drive alone with him in the Bois, having occasion to talk over some of the features of our social complications. The colonel had not been in the habit of driving with the ladies of his own family. Far gayer figures than mine usually sat by his distinguished side.

It occurred to me that Mr. Grosvenor feared that I was endeavoring to snare my brother-in-law, and that he intended to be informed of that fact if I succeeded. I must say that, if I *could* have feigned, I should have pretended to be in love with the colonel, merely to have annoyed this silent and watchful man; for there was a sort of proprietorship in the manner of both Mr. Grosvenor and Phoebe toward their patron and friend which I had never liked. There was also an occasional sense of their being in partnership which I did not like. It was, however, a floating suspicion, one that I referred to my own want of experience, and to my imperfect understanding of many things about me.

I began to fear, too, that my head was getting a little turned. I had compliments on my personal appearance. The colonel evidently was very much pleased with my manners and style. Gertrude used to say sweet things to me about my good looks, and Phoebe had once or twice referred with considerable bitterness to the attentions of the Prince Severus to me. I began to look in the glass, and to wonder if the quiet widow of Winterfield, who had never had a compliment in her life, could be attractive. I certainly looked younger and better than I ever had before—but even that was not saying a great deal.

But all these new emotions were swept out of my mind by three earthquakes, which all happened at once. There are perturbations which distract the moral as well as the physical world.

Lord Alfred Playfair became very devoted to Gertrude, and proposed in due form for her hand.

The colonel came in one morning in rather an embarrassed manner, and, asking for a private interview with me under the very lynx-eyes of Mr. Grosvenor, informed me of his engagement to *Mrs. Devereux*, the beautiful widow from the West whom he had been driving to the Bois lately. She had driven him with a vengeance!

Thirdly, and lastly, Phoebe had become so desperately enamored of Alston Fenwick that the girl did not know whether she was in the body or not; and he, who had been much with the girls, was, of course, flattered, although I did not think he was quite so desperate as a man ought to be under the circumstances.

Gertrude, for some inscrutable reason, refused Lord Alfred Playfair, and was often in tears and in wretched spirits. The colonel's engagement was the most miserable thing possible, for, of all the painted adventuresses who ever came to Paris, *Mrs. Devereux* was the most "insincere," as they say in architecture, in her make-up, morally and physically.

Fourthly, and lastly again, Alston Fenwick had been twice seen the worse for dining, and I had found that this fascinating fellow had the vice so uncommon in Europe—and, alas! so common in our country—he was a drunkard!

Oh, did I not sigh for Winterfield! Did I not appreciate now the quiet and the loveliness of an oyster's existence! I was more harrowed up in that next month than I had ever been in my life. Gertrude was strangely sad and pulled down, the colonel terribly enamored and foolish, Phoebe a lunatic in love, and Fenwick at once fascinating, excited, and wise and witty—too sensible when he was sober to be scolded, too wild at other times to be reasoned with. My only comfort was Prince Severus, who had by this time become a familiar friend, and whose good sense, sweetness of temper, and readiness to serve me, made me forget that he was a prince.

Alston Fenwick had, owing to his great social tact, his semi-diplomatic mission, and his position in the colonel's popular house, become a very noted person in Paris society. Of course, his dreadful infirmity became painfully conspicuous, and I was always trembling lest some terrible thing should happen. This I confided to my good friend the prince, who did me infinite service in watching him. It came, however, the shocking scene, at a very grand dinner to which we were all bidden by a high French official. Fenwick got wildly furious, and before the whole company struck a French gentleman with whom he was arguing.

Phoebe was as cool and self-possessed as possible, and, running to the host, said, with admirable presence of mind: "Don't you see he is mad? Have him confined at once."

But Gertrude fainted away, unseen by anybody but poor Lord Alfred, whom she had scorned, but whose strong and faithful arm was around her, and whose gentle and sensible care got her to a sofa, and me by her side, in the shortest time.

The next morning, when all Paris was ringing with this story; when Northerners and Southerners were fighting it out at all the clubs, as a thousand distorted rumors were flying about; when even Phoebe's sensible suggestion had not saved Alston from a challenge (and we well knew that he would not decline such an invitation)—at this agitating moment Gertrude told me that she, too, loved Alston, and that, if he were going to meet Monsieur de Flaval, she must and would see him.

Reader, have you ever seen a fireman on the top of a burning building, flying from the dense, blinding smoke on one side, and the disastrous flame on the other, looking over into the deadly distance below him, and, rushing to another quarter, receiving in his face a volume of water from the powerful hose beneath? If you have, you can understand my position. I loved Alston as if he had been my son. Gertrude was not less dear to me than a daughter. I had, in a measure, been guilty of bringing them together! I even felt sorry for Phoebe, whose self-satisfied mouth had looked a little less satisfied of late.

The colonel was too deeply concerned in his own love-affair to care much for any thing. Like most elderly men who take the disorder of a late love, he took it very hard, and was more foolish and more deceived and more useless than men generally are under such circumstances.

Mr. Grosvenor had become singularly yellow and silent and self-communing. I had a conversation with him in my distress, and asked him to go with a note to Alston, and, if possible, to bring him to me.

To my astonishment, he utterly refused. "I hate him," said he, "the insolent American!"

It was a new dash of cold water, that was all! I was getting accustomed to it.

That afternoon I discovered Phoebe in the colonel's private office, and talking earnestly to Grosvenor. He seemed to be charging her with something, accusing her of some offense.

Of course, they both stopped talking when they saw me. Phoebe looked relieved. Mr. Grosvenor put on his mask, and Phoebe retired with me.

"How dares that man to speak to you in that tone?" said I to Phoebe.

"Oh, he used to be our tutor, you know, and he got in the way of it; he has an ungovernable temper under all his quiet," said Phoebe.

I knew that I might as well angle in the sea for diamonds as hope to bring up truth out of the depths of Phoebe, so I cross-questioned her no further.

Prince Severus came to see me early the next day; from his face I knew the worst—Alston had fallen!

"Your brave nephew threw away his life," said the prince, "and Monsieur de Flaval shot him through the heart; he could do no less,

for Fenwick struck him in the face, the deadliest of insults to a Frenchman."

Yes, it was a deadly insult, no doubt, but I thought, as I bent over Alston's dead face, the victim of a false code of honor, that I would rather be where he lay than walking about under the well-fitting coat of Monsieur de Flaval.

Prince Severus had brought us two letters from Alston, one was for me, the other for Gertrude.

None for Phoebe? No!

Mine was as follows:

"DEAR AUNT GERTRUDE: I cannot take leave forever of one of the kindest friends a man ever had without a confession and a prayer for forgiveness.

"Aunt Gertrude, I fell in love with your niece at first sight, and, before a week had passed, I told her of my feelings; I cannot tell you now how much of remorse I feel in this hour of my life, as I think how ill I requited the unsuspecting kindness of you and the colonel.

"This lovely girl, the woman at this moment the most admired of our gay American circle, condescended to love me! In my life, characterized as it has been by fits of extravagant madness, when I was rushing with such reckless desperation upon the career that knows but one termination (you know by what demon I was urged), there came this angel across my path and smiled upon and loved me!

"The temptation was too great. I entered into a secret engagement with Gertrude, knowing, as I did, what a wrong it would be to her to marry me!

"There was nothing in outward life, to be sure, to trouble me, no pecuniary or other vulgar embarrassments, unless it were the bitter melancholy which (smile as you will) underlies my character, and renders me despondent and even desperate; but, could I tell you how painfully I was goaded on by this secret appetite for drink in moments of excitement, you would pity me. Not even the love of Gertrude—that form and countenance of a sorrowing angel—she who brought healing on her wings, not even this could prevail against this horrible passion. I rose and fell, as many a better man has done before me. I went down 'into the valley of the shadow of death,' to come up again into sunshine and moral existence. Is it to be wondered at that I became her worshiper?—that I believed in her as a tutelary angel? She could see me fall, and fail to keep my word; she could separate the drunkard from the man, and still love me!

"There are many confessions to make which humiliate me. One is the conviction that I ought to have obeyed Gertrude, and to have appealed to her father. Whatever consequences might have threatened me personally, it was a duty I owed to her, to him, and to myself. My conduct seems now unmanly and cowardly. But God is my judge, that, in pursuing a different course, I was governed more by a regard for Gertrude's happiness than my own; I thought it best to leave her free from formal ties; that, if she changed her feeling toward me, she might dissolve

her engagement to me, without attracting the comment of a malicious world.

"A presentiment, which I could not banish, and which Gertrude will recollect, colored all my views of the future, has made me feel that I had but an insecure hold on life and fortune, and that our marriage would never take place. But I am now convinced, when too late, that I should have followed the course which honor dictated, be the consequences what they might have been.

"And how can I forgive myself for the part I played toward Miss Phœbe! A flirtation begun in the lightest society manner, and partly, I confess it, to mask my real affection for Gertrude, ripened, I am sorry to say, on her part, into an affection for my most unworthy self. I feel the deepest sense of humiliation as I reflect on this ungentlemanly, ungenerous passage in my life. I most penitently implore her pardon, perhaps may almost hope for her forgiveness when she knows that I am no longer on this earth, but have gone where the penitent sinner is forgiven.

"Gertrude has made me believe! Religion, before I knew her, was rather a hope than a belief, perhaps not much of either; so that—thanks to her—I go out to meet Monsieur de Flaval to-morrow with a certainty that I shall fall, but with a sense of a future state and a belief in the forgiveness of sins. Let that comfort Gertrude!

"Dissipation, which I have tried in all its variety, and found all bitterness, self-humiliation, and remorse; worldly success, of which I have had my share; intellectual exertion—all the reward its greatest success can reap is the grudging admiration of one half your world and the bitter envy of the other half—all this I have experienced. Thank God! I have also known and loved Gertrude. I shall not, even if my sins are forgiven me, enter heaven without having had a foretaste of its joys. The love of a pure woman is the only perfect felicity. May she forgive and forget me!

"Aunt Gertrude, your kind eyes have ever followed me with a tenderness which has been a dagger to me. But that you will forgive me, I know. You are one of those women (would there were more of you!) who are content to live for others, and to entirely forget themselves. To you I commit Gertrude. Tell her I hope that she will love and marry, and that the man to whom she can best trust herself is one whom she has once rejected for myself.

"The insult Flaval offered me was a remark about American women. He spoke of the freedom of their manners and their conduct in Paris. He referred openly to Mrs. Devereux. I struck him full in the face. I was not so drunk as people thought. Were it to happen again, I would strike him again. Not all my blood will ever wash that blow away. He took it like a coward. We meet in an hour, and it will not be Flaval who falls.

"So, dear Aunt Gertrude, a long farewell!"

"ALSTON FENWICK."

I never knew what he wrote to Gertrude. That was a confessional too sacred for me to enter; but I showed my letter to Phœbe.

She read it and returned it to me without a word.

A typhoid fever came to Gertrude's rescue, so she could well abstain from appearing in society. The Avenue Josephine was not healthy that spring, and several of our neighbors suffered. The excuses which went out from our little party were readily accredited to malaria, of which there is much in the Avenue Josephine. The colonel was to be married in June, and to return to America. While we had been absorbed in our own tragedy, Fort Sumter had fallen, and the civil war had begun. Gold began to go up, and the American colony was in a state of great agitation. Mrs. Devereux claimed to have large possessions in Missouri, and the colonel must go with her to look after them. The gold which I cared most for was in Gertrude's beautiful tresses, which lay before me in a drawer, having been cut from her head during her illness. She was recovering, and almost well by the last of May, and was going bravely out of herself to meet her grief. That heart-break which many a woman carries about with her she bore silently and resolutely. We never spoke of Alston, but we understood each other without speaking.

The colonel was very fond of his daughter, and, during her illness, had been most devoted to her. He or I was always with her at the worst; and even the fascinations of Mrs. Devereux could not overcome his fatherly anxiety. He deeply felt the sorrowful death of Alston, and forgave, with more magnanimity than I supposed he possessed, the secret engagement into which he had led Gertrude. To be sure, it was almost a case of the old Montague and Capulet kind. The lover was dead, and the loved one was dying, so we feared.

The colonel had been looking very badly for several days. As Gertrude recovered, he had recommenced the preparations for his marriage, and had worked very hard. Mr. Grosvenor was working also in the office, drawing papers and preparing settlements, no doubt, when all preparations came to an end, as the colonel fainted away and fell from his chair just as he was signing a paper. He was fatally sick from the first—delirious and suffering. He died on that very June morning on which Mrs. Devereux had hoped to lead him to the altar.

I linger with trivialities, and would fain turn away from this part of my story. That which followed was so abrupt and unnatural that, even as I retrace it at this distance of time, I can scarcely bear to go over it. As I think of it, after fourteen years' time, I seem to see that scene again in the colonel's office, where we assembled to hear his will read; I feel again that sickening surprise.

Mr. Grosvenor had been, of course, the only person who knew any thing about the colonel's affairs, with the exception of one old lawyer, who came to the house infrequently. But after the funeral it was decided that several people should be invited to hear the will read. Some French officials, the American minister, one or two of the colonel's friends, Mrs. Devereux, of course, Prince Severus, and Lord Alfred Playfair, Phœbe,

and Gertrude, with her hand in mine, all assembled in solemn silence.

I wondered if the colonel, in his infatuation, had left Mrs. Devereux the greater portion of his estate. I looked at Phœbe. Did I read a legacy in her face? No; it was impenetrable.

The preamble was read, and the following astounding sentence followed:

"I leave to Phœbe Berwick, my only legitimate daughter, the bulk of my estate, consisting of" (then followed an enumeration of his worldly effects), "as a reparation for the wrong I have done her in so long allowing her to remain in ignorance of her rights:

"My excuse is, that I believed until a late date that a marriage-ceremony which I went through with her unfortunate mother was null and void. I was very young at the time. But I have since found that it was a valid marriage.

"To my beloved daughter Gertrude, more deeply but innocently wronged, I leave fifty thousand dollars and my blessing, also all her dear mother's jewels, and a prayer for her forgiveness."

Then followed a handsome bequest to Carr Grosvenor, Esq., and to some old relatives and servants; but no mention of the lady who was to have owned him and all he possessed.

In fact, the will bore date three years back. It was carefully drawn, signed, witnessed; no formality had been left out.

Mrs. Devereux started to her feet.

"There is a later will. I know there is. I have his letters assuring me of a will in my favor.—Do you intend to stand this, Miss Gertrude? *I do not!*—Ah, sir," said she, shaking a small, white fist at Grosvenor, "you are a villain! I do not intend to stand this; you shall hear from me again."

That worthy repulsed her with his calm, Eastern, impenetrable demeanor.

"This secret has been known to me for a very long time," said he. "How much the deceased gentleman may have communicated to the lady he intended to marry, I did not know, of course."

"I don't believe a word of it," said poor Mrs. Devereux, the tears beginning to wash the rouge off her cheeks.

However, she let down her black veil and left the house hastily.

O Phœbe, Phœbe, Phœbe! The self-sufficient mouth had come in for its own. No one but a woman can imagine the bitter anguish which I felt as I heard this will read, and learned that the parasite had killed the flower. She did not pretend to wear her mask long. She threw it down as soon as Mrs. Devereux left the room.

"You," said she to Gertrude—"you, who have held my place all these years; you, who took away my love, my only love; you, who had our father's love, the pride, the name, the position, which were mine—I, who have been the Cinderella in the corner, now, now, now has come my hour of triumph! This is my house. These are my surroundings. Leave them at once! I am mistress here, and you—who are you?—Mrs. Fenwick, you have always hated me and have distrusted me. You may go, too."

"It seems that I have had more than usual prescience in so doing," said I.

But Gertrude, as calm as a summer morning, but as pale as the snow on Winterfield hills, rose and stopped me.

"If this is true, we have no rights here, Aunt Gertrude.—Forgive me, Phœbe, if I have wronged you. It was innocently done. He who has wronged us both, but who has been our best and kindest friend on earth, has gone. You and I have nothing to say or to do, but to obey him. Good-by. Enjoy your fortune, and—and your name. My poor mother!"

This last cry seemed to be wrung from her. And she left the room.

We took refuge at the Hôtel Meurice from Phœbe's hospitality, and surveyed the situation. Mr. Carr Grosvenor had soon two lawsuits on hand—one in which Mrs. Devereux appeared as plaintiff, in the other Gertrude Fenwick. But the clever American lawyer whom I employed told me, after six weeks' work, that I had no hope. If it were a fraud, Carr Grosvenor had been so long in the possession of the colonel and of the facts, that there was little or no chance of ever finding him out.

He said that there was no mistake about it; that the colonel had been an unconscious bigamist, but he had *been* one—therefore Gertrude had no rights. Mrs. Devereux was more pertinacious, and we left her fighting her battle when we finally left Paris.

Our good friends Prince Severus and Lord Alfred Playfair did not desert us. The former begged of us to stay in Europe for a while. The latter insisted on a private interview with Gertrude; they had a long, earnest, and apparently interesting talk at the end of my long parlor, to which I did not listen.

I wondered at Gertrude. There was a composure and fortitude about her which was wonderful. She bore the blow far better than I did. Her one request was to be taken away from Paris. "Take me home with you, Aunt Gertrude; take me to Winterfield."

And so I did. My old, quiet house opened its arms to me and to the stricken girl I had brought with me, and the healthy New-England sky looked down on us more graciously than its wont. The unexciting life enfolded us with its tranquillizing arms. I thanked Heaven for its repose, for its freedom from the strife of the great world. There is nothing like an old country-home, where you can be alone with the sunset and the moonrise; where you can see of an evening Orion in all his majesty reigning over the evening sky; and where, in the morning, you can look at the prospect unfolding its beauties for miles around you; where your neighbors are few and unexacting; where your friends love you for yourself, and not for your accidents; where jealousies and rivalries are not; and where Nature, in her serene indifference, makes the turmoil of the great world seem a futile waste of time. Here, through the changing seasons of a year, did Gertrude find repose and health; here did I try to forget the pains and pleasures, the agonies of the Avenue Josephine.

Gertrude's chief talk was of her mother; she had been ten years old when she died;

and the cruel revelation of the will had seemed to bring her up to her daughter with renewed tenderness. It was the only reference she made which showed me how deep the wound was.

But our old house was full of reminiscences of her mother. An old desk, always used by my mother in which to keep her absent daughter's letters, revealed much of the story of poor Susan's not too happy married life. There were two or three miniatures of her, precious legacies for Gertrude, and some few letters from the colonel. Our family was one of those few unfortunates who have had the misfortune to gain a lawsuit by means of a letter; therefore, for forty years our letters had been kept, so that my deserted garret and all my old bureaux were full of letters. Besides these were the accumulations of my father, who, having been a lawyer, had, of course, innumerable letters. I had often threatened to burn this rubbish, but I was now glad that I had not done so, as the exploration served to amuse Gertrude.

Prince Severus kept up a lively correspondence with me. I had always a lingering hope that he would propose to Gertrude in spite of my severe denunciation to the colonel of "worldly marriages."

I had learned from him that you *might* sometimes "put your trust in princes." This young man happened to be as sincere and good as if he had been born a plain mister—in fact, it is a great mistake to suppose that plebeian poverty has all the virtues. There are a few virtues left for the aristocracy.

Prince Severus had written us of the marriage of Grosvenor and Phœbe, which took place very shortly after the colonel's death, and of the departure of Lord Alfred Playfair for the East.

These were events to speculate over in the quiet retirement of Winterfield, and Gertrude and I began to understand the past. I had no idea in my own mind but that Grosvenor had been guilty of fraud and crime of the deepest dye in the matter of the colonel's will and pretended marriage, and that Phœbe had been his confederate. It would be, however, I well knew, very difficult to prove. He must have concocted the whole thing during the colonel's illness, although he had, undoubtedly, had an anchor to windward for many years. Had the colonel lived, and had he married me or Mrs. Devereux, Mr. Grosvenor's plans would have miscarried; but, up to a certain time, in fact until the colonel had announced his engagement, he had good reason to believe that he never would marry again. I now understood the scene with Phœbe in the office; Grosvenor was remonstrating with her for her interest in Alston, and they were "falling out," as confederates do. Gertrude said that Phœbe had come to live with them after her mother's death, and that Mr. Grosvenor came as a sort of tutor to them.

At the same time, Madame Jouanne, a French governess, had been imported from Paris, who remained with the girls until just before I arrived, but who had been dismissed, Gertrude thought, in a species of disgrace.

I could not but tremble as I thought of the years which my gentle Gertrude had

spent unconsciously in this nest of conspirators. She was strong in the love of her father, but oh, how weak from her own unsuspecting gentle, dreamy character! I wondered if the colonel, under some sort of tyranny or black-mail, no doubt from Phœbe's mother or her representatives, had thought of all this, and, not strong enough to throw off the yoke, had invoked me to protect her? But that we could never know. We could not draw him or his secrets from their "dread abode." The letter of letters came, however, about a year after we had left the Avenue Josephine.

It was from Lord Alfred Playfair, and contained as much good news as ever had come through the Winterfield post-office under one stamp.

"MY DEAR MRS. FENWICK: Perhaps you did not know, when you left me, that I had a head full of great intentions. I was perfectly determined to follow up that fellow Grosvenor, and to unmask what I believed was a terrible crime, and, through many difficulties, I have almost succeeded.

"Having nothing to do, I went out to Manila, and made most important discoveries there of the colonel's past. The lady who held the position in his household before he married your sister was never married to him at all. She was of pretty good family, and a distant relative of Grosvenor's.

"She died about the time that your sister did, and, no doubt, the colonel promised to take care of Phœbe, and was from that time, and perhaps before, somewhat in the power of Grosvenor.

"I have also found a certain Madame Jouanne, the French governess, a most important acquisition. Curiously enough, she and Grosvenor quarreled just before you came to Paris, and he procured her dismissal. She was his chief confederate early in the game, but there never was a more remarkable proof of the fact that when rogues fall out honest people come to their rights than in this matter.

"It was an advertisement which Grosvenor put in the papers for Madame Jouanne that first attracted my attention. I gave my orders for the search to the police, and they found her first. I dare say I offered her more money than any one else—certainly than Grosvenor did, and she has given up the colonel's private diary, many important papers, etc., which she had taken away with her—probably in a fit of absence of mind.

"However, presence of body is, in this case (to reverse the old joke), of more importance than absence of mind, and Madame Jouanne is a very important witness.

"Now, is it possible for you to help me? Have you preserved the correspondence of the colonel with your father about the time of his marriage? We miss one important paper which is often referred to, and which was probably sent to your father. If that can be found, we shall oust Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor, and send one of the greatest of villains into an appropriate retirement. We shall restore Miss Gertrude to her rights, and, what is more, give her back her mother's good name, and the right to forgive her father.

"I have been under great obligations to Mrs. Devereux, for her attack on Grosvenor opened a window for me. She has assisted me greatly. She is not the most agreeable form of American woman that I have seen, but she has a good heart, and shows much consideration for Miss Gertrude. I fear she will have to rest content with the colonel's very handsome presents, but she has my thanks as well.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Fenwick,

"Your faithful servant,

"ALFRED PLAYFAIR."

Famishing people in the desert, looking for a draught of water, could alone search as we did for that missing paper. It was no longer playing with the past, it was fighting for the future. We untied all my mother's neat little packets, rummaged old boxes and bureaux, went through dusty barrels even, and could find nothing at all which was written in the year of the marriage. I remembered at last that in my mother's old desk (which is now a fashionable antique in my parlor) there was a secret drawer, and that it had been found full of Continental money after the war; but, although failing to find the spring, Gertrude and I pried it open with a chisel, there was nothing in it, not even the Continental money.

The search for old papers through such a collection as I had is the most wearisome thing in the world. We used to work all day and dream all night of this missing packet. For the very absence of any letters in that important year, and the presence of all others in all years, convinced me that they, of course, had been selected out with extreme care, and had been put away with more than usual caution.

There was one possible place left to search. There were innumerable tin boxes labeled with the names of my father's clients, and filled with musty old title-deeds and papers, which had ceased to have any importance. Their former owners had returned to the dust which these papers entitled them to, and the papers were useless. It seemed very improbable that the missing letters should be found in one of these, but there they turned up. Amid parchments and useless formal legal documents, we found a small parcel indorsed in my father's round, old-fashioned hand, "Matters pertaining to my poor daughter Susan's marriage." He had hidden them out of sight.

Yes, here was the whole story. The colonel's explanations, and a paper from a certain Catharine Grosvenor Carr, clearing the sky entirely of any secret marriage bond. There had been much trouble, and Miss Carr had, no doubt, been bought off with difficulty, but the case was clear: my Gertrude's rights were reestablished.

I sent out copies of these papers to Lord Alfred Playfair, and awaited his answer.

He brought it in person, and Winterfield saw a real live lord.

It astonished them greatly to find how much he looked like other people; and when they heard that he was going to marry Gertrude, and they perceived that a lord in love is just as foolish and blushing as any other

man, they were still more astonished. I think Gertrude was very much ashamed of herself when this excellent fellow offered himself to her a second time. She felt that she was very unworthy of him, and I declare I agree with her. That she had even been indifferent to him, was a satire on woman's wisdom which it can hardly stand. Fate had been kinder to her than she deserved, good girl that she was, and had given her what few women ever have—a second chance.

As Lady Alfred Playfair, Gertrude entered the French courts with every advantage. Some distinguished Frenchman has said, "As for our criminal code, it is worth nothing," but for ingeniously unmasking fraud it is the best system in the world. Mr. Carr Grosvenor was found out and punished, and Phoebe ran away. We never saw that self-satisfied mouth again; but, as Gertrude generously settled on her the fifty thousand dollars which Carr Grosvenor, in his false will, had made the poor colonel give to his unfortunate daughter, I dare say she is enjoying herself in some quarter of the globe, with all the intensity which ever accompanies a good digestion, a bad heart, and a pair of bold, bad-adventuress, black eyes.

And then I left my Gertrude, my beloved niece, whom I had taken up so late in life and had given up so early—I left her to her brilliant and happy life.

And I came back to Winterfield, whence I had started, with much to think of, much to remember. I will not say that, in those days, I had not had my own little romance—who knows? What if I found out that lords, dukes, princes, famous wits, and famous poets, were like other men?

It is to elaborate that truth that we travel.

One truth I did find out. I at least was not made of that brass and steel which is the temperament needed if one lives in, and tries to fight, the world. M. E. W. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MEXICO BY PRINCESS SALM-SALM.*

II.

THE fate of Marshal Bazaine would not fail to excite our pity if he had no other crimes to answer for than those of which a not wholly unprejudiced tribunal found him guilty; but by the manner in which he conducted himself in Mexico he forfeited every claim to our sympathy.

Although our religion teaches us that our bad deeds are recorded against us, and that they will be punished after death, still it is wondrously consoling to know that those who have suffered at the hands of bad men are avenged in this life; hence it is among my deepest regrets that my late husband did not live to see how Mexico and the great-souled Maximilian have been avenged on this low, cruel, brutal monster,† and his wily, unprincipled master.

* Continued from No. 317, page 494.

† The reader will understand, of course, that, in printing this passage as the princess wrote it, it is not to be assumed that we are responsible for the epithets used.—Ed.

We know from history that the French in every land in which they have appeared as conquerors, by their arrogance, their avarice, and their cruelty, have made themselves hated; but nowhere else have they ever disgraced their country more than they did in Mexico; for seldom, if ever, have they had a commander who so openly, by his own example, encouraged his subordinates to wrongdoing as Bazaine did.

The French officers treated the Mexicans with the utmost insolence and contempt. Gentlemen whom they met on the street were insulted and maltreated; and the ladies dared not venture into the street, from fear of being subjected to like indignities. Their rapacity was unlimited, and their conduct, when they were on any military expedition, equaled in horrors every thing the old historians have recorded. Wholesale butcheries, the execution of innocent persons, and the plundering and burning of houses, were not the worst of their crimes. Their treatment of women, and that, too, in the presence of their friends and parents, was so bestial that the unvarnished facts would not be believed. Their name will be forever held in execration in Mexico, and their recent discomfiture by the Germans has, I am sure, rejoiced every true Mexican heart. Bazaine carried himself in Mexico as though he were the emperor, and Maximilian only his under-strapper. Everybody trembled before him, and even the French despised as well as feared him—at least every man of them did who possessed a spark of honor.

His brutality, arrogance, and cruelty, are well known to the world; not so, however, his treason and intrigues against Maximilian, whom he wished to compel to abdicate, because that better suited the policy of Napoleon III. He even furnished the Liberals with munitions, and surrendered to them cities; yes, he even went so far as to offer to surrender the capital to Porfirio Diaz, which ignominious proposition was refused. Porfirio Diaz, who is a man of honor and incapable of telling a falsehood, told Prince Salm-Salm this himself.

I have said that Bazaine was low and avicious. To justify this accusation I have only to cite what was well known to everybody in Mexico. There was nothing he would not stoop to to enrich himself. Among other things, he had—in the name of others, of course—two stores in the city, the one a grocery, the other a draper house, in which were sold French stuffs almost exclusively. In this manner he grew rich very rapidly, for he found means to avoid paying any transportation or duty.

In order to account for his rapidly-increasing wealth, or rather to conceal the means by which it was acquired, he gave out that the Mexican lady whom he married was very rich. This was entirely false; the girl he married, and who is now his wife, was poor.

When Salm-Salm went to Mexico, he had a letter of introduction to Bazaine from Count Montholon, the French ambassador at Washington, and was received by him tolerably cordially. As we at that time did not know the man very well, and as it would have been

very impolite to neglect him, I, of course, called on Madame Bazaine. She is quite young, small, almost childlike in her manner, and, I thought, exceedingly pleasing.

The officer who, perhaps, had the most influence over Bazaine, was Viscount de Roue, a colonel on his staff. We made a visit to him and his wife, an American lady. Like all American ladies, she was very *gefälltüchtig* (coquettish, over-desirous to please), and as they generally are in foreign countries—as one may convince one's self by observing them in any of the European capitals or watering-places—so the viscountess was wont to exaggerate her American peculiarities; that is, to assume a manner and to do things which, in her own country, she would not have dared to do. The *soirées* given by the viscountess had, on account of their free-and-easy character, a certain *renommé*, and they certainly richly deserved to have, for the gayety often degenerated into what would have been far more becoming in the Jardin Mabille than in a ladies' *salon*.

Under the extraordinary circumstances that existed at that time in Mexico, it could hardly have been otherwise than that all sorts of doubtful characters should find their way into society; and, as one had no time to inquire and choose, one was continually brought into social relations, more or less near, with people of very questionable respectability. There were at that time in Mexico a great number of adventurers, mostly Frenchmen, who, on account of their having high-sounding names, were received in the best circles. One of these was a Count de Segur. He had married his mistress, an exceedingly pretty woman, in consequence of which his father had disowned him. I suppose he went to Mexico in the hope of sharing in the general plunder, but herein he seemed not to have been very successful; for, on one occasion that came to my knowledge, his pretty wife ran around everywhere to borrow three hundred dollars; but, despite her beauty, she failed. Pretty women in Mexico are no novelty. Perhaps she would have succeeded better had she been ugly. Be that as it may, her Parisian vivacity and coquetry, which contrasted so strongly with the quiet, reserved manners of the Mexican beauties, made no impression on the native gallants, much to her astonishment, and more, doubtless, to the count's regret.

M. de Segur was—a Frenchman, superficial, inconstant, characterless. So long as the imperial party was in the ascendant, he was a zealous imperialist, and danced attendance to and flattered everybody who had any influence. I can't help laughing, even now, when I think how anxious he was, at a later period, when the Liberals became formidable. On one occasion he begged me not to let it be known that he had spoken with me, for fear of exciting their suspicions.

Among the officers who commanded the Austrian and Belgian troops that were in Mexico in the interest of Maximilian, there were many noblemen of excellent families, very accomplished and worthy men. The position Salm-Salm occupied made it very nat-

ural that he should see a good deal of these gentlemen, although at first they seemed to be a little jealous of him. The most interesting character among them was Count Kodolitsch. Although his name was Slavonic, it was, nevertheless, asserted that he was half-brother to Maximilian—on what ground I know not; but certain it is that this report did not lessen the interest the ladies took in him, whose decided favorite he was. As for the count, he was an ardent admirer of the Viscountess de Roue, and she, like a practical American, held him fast in her toils. He was a very elegant man, marvelously graceful in all his movements, and exceedingly fascinating in his manner. Nor was the count less admired and esteemed by the gentlemen than he was lionized by the ladies, for he was not only a good comrade and a man of honor and talent, but also an exceedingly efficient officer.

His services have been better rewarded than those of many others who were in Mexico, and at present he is military *attaché* of the Austrian embassy in Paris.

The most important place in the vicinity of Mexico is the city of Tacubaya. The town is very old, and existed before the Chichimacans invaded the plateau of Anahuac, under the Indian name Atlacoloayan, which means "Place where the brook makes a turn." It once had a population of fifteen thousand; now it has only about five thousand in winter, and, say, fifteen hundred more in summer. The huts of the Indians, with their aloe-fields, have for the most part disappeared, and wealthy Mexicans and foreigners now occupy, with their villas and gardens, this lovely site, the most beautiful in the whole valley of Mexico. Tacubaya is to Mexico what Charlottenburg is to Berlin, and will, at no distant day, be one of its suburbs.*

The former consul-general of Hamburg, Herr Huber, had a villa at Tacubaya. We were presented to him by Baron Magnus. As I subsequently became quite intimate with his charming family, and, while Salm-Salm was away campaigning, made it my home with them, I shall have something more to say about them later.

There is another delightful little place near Mexico—San Agustín de las Cuevas. Before the conquest, it was called Tlalpam. It may be reached from the capital by an excellent road or by a canal; its site is very picturesque, it being on the side of a high mountain. Although it still has a population of fourteen or fifteen thousand, it has remained simply a large village, and retained much of its early appearance. Here we find Indian huts, such as the aborigines inhabited at the time of the conquest, although not a few handsome villas have taken possession of the most eligible sites. It always seemed to me that on this charming spot the verdure was greener and the flowers more fragrant than anywhere else. On every hand there are beautiful trees, which, with the big rocks

* There is one marked difference in the relative positions of these towns: Charlottenburg lies on a plane with that of Berlin; the site of Tacubaya, on the contrary, is very much higher than that of the Mexican capital.—TRANSLATOR.

that extend between the houses to the street, make even the interior of the village picturesque. As for the neighborhood, it is rich in the loveliest spots that can be imagined.

One day, toward the end of September, we arranged a picnic, with San Agustín for our destination, in which seven ladies and ten or twelve gentlemen took part. We were all on horseback, and were followed by two mules laden with refreshments. The distance from Mexico is about ten English miles. We alighted on a charming spot, and breakfasted with most excellent appetites. The champagne made us very merry, and, as we had found two or three Indian musicians on the way and brought them with us, we amused ourselves by astonishing the natives with dances that, if they were not exactly the *cancun*, were certainly not very far removed from it. This was awfully undignified and improper, we all very well knew, but we enjoyed it none the less for all that.

One day Baron Magnus made me a visit, and begged that he might see me alone. His manner was mysterious, and he seemed very nervous, and certainly the errand on which he came was of great import. He had just left Maximilian, whose situation began to be alarming, for the French troops were preparing to leave the country.

Although the American Government had done nothing really inimical to the emperor, still it had not recognized him, and it was well known that there was a large party in the United States who were opposed to a monarchy being established on their border. There were, on the other hand, those in the United States who believed that any stable government in Mexico would be an improvement on the state of things that had existed there for nearly two generations, and consequently were kindly disposed toward Maximilian. To these latter President Johnson was thought to belong. It was, therefore, deemed possible to so far turn the scales in the American Congress as to secure the recognition of the new empire by that government. This was, indeed, of the very greatest importance, and would have bettered Maximilian's situation far more than the equivocal friendship of Napoleon III. If the Americans would only remain neutral, a great deal was gained; for, if they declared themselves positively opposed to him, his fall was only a question of time.

As I was acquainted, not only with President Johnson and many of the most influential men in the United States, but also with the ways and means of persuading them, Baron Magnus had proposed to the emperor to send me on a diplomatic mission to Washington, accompanied by a very powerful ally—two million dollars in gold.

The proposition pleased me immensely, for success was by no means improbable, and the importance of the mission, as well as the confidence reposed in me, flattered my ambition very greatly. I immediately placed myself at the emperor's disposal, but Salm-Salm positively refused to let me undertake the journey alone, and insisted on accompanying me. He had very little diplomatic talent, and was by

no means as well acquainted with the Americans as I was; I felt confident, therefore, that he would increase rather than lessen the difficulties of my task. He, however, was not to be persuaded; so I, of course, could not refuse his company.

It was arranged that we, on Tuesday, the 23d of October, should dine with the emperor at Chapultepec, where our conference would be less likely to be remarked than in the city. I had not yet been presented to the emperor, as, during the absence of the empress, no ladies were received at court. But our dinner did not take place, and afterward the whole plan was given up in consequence of a wholly unexpected event, which caused general confusion. On Sunday, the 21st of October, the emperor suddenly left Mexico for Orizaba, with the view of returning immediately to Europe. He had received an alarming account of the state of the empress's health.

When the first impression of this news had subsided, Maximilian bethought himself, not only of what he owed to his position, but also those who had devoted themselves to his cause. He could not run away, as it were, from the battle-field; and, if he should decide to relinquish all his noble plans, he saw that he could do so only by abdicating with the dignity that became his high birth.

This abdication was what the French of all things most desired, and they did every thing in their power to force him into a position that would render any other course impossible. In this endeavor Bazaine was seconded by the Austrian and Belgian ambassadors, while Miramon, Marquez, and Father Fischer, hastened to Orizaba to persuade Maximilian to remain and trust to the Mexican people, assuring him that all would be well as soon as the hated French were out of the country.

While all these negotiations were going on, we passed our time at the capital as usual. The life we led was pleasant enough, but my soldier-husband thirsted for war. Although kind-hearted in the extreme, and as gentle as a lamb, he had all the warlike instincts of a fighting-cock. War was his favorite pastime. His having been left on the field with seven wounds, when he was little more than a boy, did not in the least seem to lessen his ardor. He went through the whole of the late American War without receiving a scratch. Quite a dangerous shot he received in the arm in a duel also had no effect on him. If any one looked askant at him, his blood was up instantly. He was like a cocked pistol, always ready to go off.

The Belgian corps, under Van der Smissen, had been ordered on an expedition into the provinces. Salm-Salm could not endure the idea of longer dawdling away his time at the capital, so he entreated the Minister of War to allow him to accompany the expedition as a volunteer, and was overjoyed when his request was granted. I had always been with him, and could not think of remaining behind now; but he would not listen to it. Finally, however, after a six hours' contest, he was compelled to surrender, and to consent that I should accompany him.

We left Mexico early on the morning of November 8th, with only a single company,

but joined the rest of the Belgian Legion in the course of the day. We marched through San Cristobal, and, on the 9th, reached Tipaguca, where we had hardly pitched our tents when an alarm was sounded. Hostile columns, it was announced, were in front of us. Salm-Salm and Van der Smissen reconnoitred, and found in fact that a body of troops was advancing on Tipaguca. It was decided to attack them immediately. Salm-Salm was in high glee at the prospect of a fight, and his ardor was so contagious that it inoculated me. I insisted that I would rather share the dangers of the combat than defy those to which I would be exposed if I remained behind. Van der Smissen laughed, and advised me not to discharge my revolver in the distance, but to reserve my six shots for close quarters. Salm-Salm made a wry face, and wanted me to remain in the rear, but I spurred my horse between theirs, and we advanced at double-quick time.

For a time the enemy did not see us, but when they did, and saw that we were about to attack them, they turned and ran like a flock of sheep. We quickened our pace, and soon came near enough to discover that the enemy was no enemy at all, but a detachment of Austrians, who failed to recognize us for what we were for the simple reason that Austrians are no better furnished with eyes in the back of their heads than other people. To make a short story shorter, I spurred my horse forward, and when I came up to them and told them that we had no idea of killing them, they were greatly rejoiced. Poor fellows! some of them were so terrified that, at the moment, they thought I was the Virgin Mary, or an angel on horseback, who had been sent by their patron saint expressly to save them. They had had, a day or two before, a fight with the Liberals, in which they had been worsted, and they had not yet recovered from their fright.

We now marched together to Pachuca, an ugly place, where we were entertained by a Mr. Auld, a very rich gentleman, who was, and is still, very likely, the managing director of an English silver-mining company. The next day we had but a short march, and left the Austrians behind. We passed the place where the Liberals had beaten them, and they had lost forty men, but saw nothing of the enemy. The country through which we marched was exceedingly picturesque, but sterile. It looked very like some parts of Switzerland, and in nothing reminded us that we were in a tropical land. There were no palm-trees or aloes, nothing but pines, cedars, cypresses, and evergreen oaks. No wonder, for Rial del Monte, a little town which we reached after three hours of climbing, and is built in a defile, lies ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

On the 12th of November we were at Huasca, which the Liberals evacuated an hour before we arrived. The weather was lovely, and we were all in the best of spirits, for our quarters were all that could be reasonably desired.

The next day we reached the end of our march, Tulancingo, where the Austrians we had been sent to relieve came out to meet us.

Tulancingo is an important town and the

seat of a bishop, who has a palace there. The whole garrison consisted of sixteen hundred men, of whom half were untrustworthy Mexicans. As we daily expected to be attacked by a force much superior in numbers to our own, Colonel Van der Smissen sent to Colonel Pollak and begged him to strengthen the garrison with the detachment of braves (!) under his command; but, much to the surprise of all our officers, he refused. He said he had had fighting enough, and wanted to go home!

As the garrison was much too weak to undertake any thing in the field, as the Liberals had a considerable force in the vicinity, Salm-Salm busied himself early and late in making every possible preparation against an attack from without and from treason within, for our Mexican troops were not to be trusted.

We were exceedingly pleasantly lodged in the house of a Señor Gayon, the Spanish vice-consul, who was rich and had a pretty wife, whom I soon got to liking very much. The neighborhood is beautiful, and the adjacent mountains were so inviting, that they induced us to make occasional excursions, but we never ventured to go far for fear of the Liberals. We amused ourselves as well as we could in the city, which, by-the-way, has a very pretty theatre. As it is the custom there, for two weeks before Christmas, to dance every evening, we at that time had no lack of diversion. These *tertulias* took place always in the same house. The entertainment, however, was given each evening by a different lady; so that, though in the same house, we were nightly received by a different hostess. The Mexicans rarely have carpets on their floors, but they imagine they cannot dance on the bare floor, so, when they give a ball or *tertulia*, they always hire one.

As I have said, we were in daily expectation of being attacked; but, instead of that, there came, soon after Christmas, an order from Bazaine to deliver up Tulancingo to the Liberal General Martinez, whose chief of staff, under a flag of truce, came to arrange the conditions of the surrender. Our officers were all amazed to learn that Bazaine was on terms of amity with the enemy; but they were compelled to obey, and, before the 1st of January, we were ready to leave.

Our situation was any thing but agreeable, for we had heard of the arrival in the neighborhood of a notorious guerrilla chief, named Carabazal, with a thousand men, who were no better than highwaymen; besides, our expectations with regard to our Mexican troops were realized on the morning of the surrender. The rascal who commanded them, a Colonel Peralta, went with his entire cavalry regiment over to the enemy.

When all our people were assembled on the principal square, ready to leave the city, I was there, too, with Jimmy. Now, Jimmy is an exceedingly clever dog, and, as he had accompanied me through the whole American War, he had discovered that muskets are very dangerous machines, and that when they go off there is danger of somebody or something being hurt. He had, therefore, an enormous respect for every thing in the shape of a fire-arm. When he came out on the square and saw so many shooting-machines, the poor

animal became frightened, and ran back to his old quarters and hid himself under the bed. I am convinced that many a sensible man, rather than go into battle, would do in like manner, if he only had the courage. My kind-hearted Felix was compelled to go back for my pet himself.

If Jimmy were less cautious, he would long since have been killed, whereas now he sits beside me in the enjoyment of such fame as few of his species can boast of. His handsome head had been patted by three emperors, and his four-footed soul has been sanctified by association with any number of cardinals and bishops, to say nothing of republican presidents, senators, generals, and other dignitaries. Should he die before I do, I shall have his counterfeit cut in black marble, and give directions to have it set over my grave, or on my urn, should my body be burned, as I hope it will be.

We reached Buena Vista on the 2d of January, where we received orders to remain, and at the same time intelligence that the emperor would pass through there on his way from Orizaba to Mexico, escorted by Austrian cavalry and a considerable number of officers. He rode in a carriage drawn by four white mules. We saw him pass, and the whole train made a sad impression on us. Van der Smissen, to whom Maximilian's situation seemed very critical, said it looked "as though the emperor was being led to execution." He had expected him to abdicate, and Bazaine and General Castelnau, whom Napoleon III. had sent to urge this course, also still hoped so, as his abdication would have made their negotiations with the Liberal government easier. But Maximilian, as I have already said, listened to the promises of Miramon, Marquez, and Father Fischer, decided to remain, and was now on his way to the capital.

The emperor halted in Ayotola, four miles from Buena Vista, where Salm-Salm had a conference with him. He got permission to raise a cavalry regiment, which he hoped to recruit from the disbanded legions, and, in order not to lose sight of the men, we accompanied the Belgians to Puebla.

On this march I had a better opportunity than hitherto to enjoy the grandeur of the scenery. We had before us on the whole route the giant mountain Sierra Nevada, Popocatepetl, and Orizaba. Popocatepetl means, in the Indian language, "a woman in white." These mountains, says a legend, were once powerful giants. One of them, once upon a time—prompted by jealousy, it is supposed—killed his wife, and laid her on the Sierra Nevada, where she can still be very distinctly seen. The appearance of this mountain is certainly very interesting, for on its summit you can clearly see the outlines of a gigantic female figure, in a recumbent position, that looks just as though it were cut out of white marble. Nothing is wanting to make the entire form complete and symmetric.

Salm-Salm being unsuccessful in his endeavors to recruit his regiment, after remaining a short time at Puebla, we returned to the capital, where my war-loving husband, on account of having no special duties to perform, was very discontented. He daily visited

Father Fischer, who seemed to have the emperor's entire confidence. The priest was very generous with promises, which he either did not intend to keep, or could not keep, so long as the French were in the country. At last, on the 8th of February, the hated "allies" took final leave of the city; but at first the people hardly dared to give expression to their joy, for fear the objects of their detestation would return.

For a few days absolutely nothing was heard of the emperor's plans. About the middle of the month, it was reported that he had decided to place himself at the head of the army and effect a junction with Miramon at Queretaro, in order to prevent the concentration of the enemy's troops and check their march on Mexico. This report proved to be well founded; but it was decided that the Germans should remain behind, Salm-Salm with the rest. He hastened to Baron Magnus, and entreated him to persuade the emperor to let him go along. Although his request was refused, he soon found another way to gratify his love for active campaigning. He sought and obtained a position on the staff of General Don Santiago Vidaurri, who was about to join his command in the field.

I, of course, expected to go with Salm-Salm as usual; but this time he was absolutely deaf to all my entreaties. I was very unhappy, for I was sure some misfortune would befall him, as was always the case when I was not with him. I think now, however, that he was right. We had become quite intimate with the Huber family, in Tacubaya, and it was arranged that I should remain with them during his absence.

CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH COURTS.

III.

IN THE LONDON POLICE-COURTS.

NOTHING can be more depressing than the aspect and atmosphere of the London police-courts. They are, for the most part, dingy and darkly-dreary portals to the yet gloomier abodes of convicted crime and misdemeanor. The magistrates are men usually of stern countenance and despotic manner, who sit severely aloft and dispense a justice that is at least prompt and swift, if not always discriminating, and rarely tempered with mercy. The policemen look serious and prophetic in their corners; the lawyers are less gorgeous and less loquacious than those of Westminster Hall; the prisoners, with rare exceptions, are of the poorest class, wretchedly clad, with haggard or vicious faces, dragged hither from the depths of the slums which are to be found in spots in every quarter of London.

Yet, even in these dismal purileus, which would have tested Mark Tapley's capacity for "jollity" quite as much as the swampy Eden of the far West, many a hint of character and custom may be got. Scenes dramatic, pathetic, and amusing, are of weekly occurrence at Clerkenwell and Bow Street, Marl-

borough Street and Southwark, Westminster and Worship Street. Curious dialogues let in a world of light upon the doings and motives, the miseries and temptations, the pleasures and occupations, of the "common people" of the big metropolis.

While the occupants of the police-court docks are mostly of this humbler class, they find no limit in sex or age. Old men, patriarchs of the slums; very small boys, precocious in slang and bold badness; raving old harridans and young girls who would be comely were they but washed and combed—appear in constant succession and endless variety.

A very large proportion of the cases in these courts are, as might be supposed, the results of the irrepressible taste of the low-class Briton for strong drink. On one occasion, a rather good-looking woman of twenty-seven was brought up at Westminster, the sadly-monotonous charge of being "drunk and disorderly" having been made against her. The magistrate asked her what she had to say.

"Nothing," she replied. "I believe I was born drunk."

"What?"

"I was born drunk, I think; for I'm always drunk."

"Very candid, certainly."

"You know me very well," said the woman. Then, turning to the police, she continued: "You are all down on me, and you weren't asked to give me a lift.—I'll leave off drinking, your worship, if you'll let me off."

"I'm afraid I can't believe you."

"Oh, yes, you can; for I'll go to the priest at once and sign the pledge. I only take a little rum, and then I get drunk and call for the police."

A poor wretched fellow of twenty-five, whose clothes hung in tatters about him, appeared to answer a similar charge in Worship Street.

"Well," said the magistrate, "do you wish to ask the constable any question?"

"Look here, sir," said the man, "I want to speak to you."

"What do you wish to say to me?"

"Why, look here, sir; I've tried a good many fakements in life, and had a good start in the cough-drop line. But that fell off, and now I'm about the public-houses giving recitations. I can give you one if you like."

"But you'll end your days in a lunatic asylum if you act in this strange way about the streets."

"They turned me out of Coldbath Fields on Saturday, and this was the pair of boots" (taking off one) "they gave me in a Christian country. I asked the magistrate to give me a sov. for a start, but no, he wouldn't."

"You are not to go about in this way."

"Look here, sir; let me speak as well as you, although you are a magistrate. If you will give me something out of the poor-box for a fresh start, I'll go away."

The magistrate had, for once, compassion, and the poor ex-cough-drop-vender went back to his "recitations."

A policeman passing, one day, Temple Stairs (leading to the Thames), found a man lying at the bottom in the mud and water.

"I looked at the body," says the policeman, in court, "and said, 'He's been dead four days.' I thought he had been drowned and washed up. I pulled him out, and then found he was alive and quite sensible."

The prisoner, on being asked if he wished to put any question, said:

"No, sir. I don't care to trouble him. I don't remember any thing about it. He says he pulled me out; so I am much obliged to him. All I know is, that I found myself very wet at the police-station, and didn't like it. He says I had been dead four days, so I suppose I must have come to life again."

"I think," says the magistrate, "you were very drunk, and I must fine you ten shillings."

"Oh, make it five; I'm out of work."

A fierce-looking old woman was charged with begging at Guildhall.

The magistrate told her she was not allowed to beg.

"But I will, though!"

"You cannot be allowed to break the law with impunity, and I commit you to prison for twenty-one days."

Prisoner (vehemently). "I mean to do it, though; and, what is more, that vagabond Hill" (the inspector) "is the cause of this, and when I come out I will throw a pint of vitriol in his face!"

"You will have no gin where you are going."

"Oh, indeed!" (ironically).

"Nor shall you participate with the other prisoners in the usual Christmas cheer."

Prisoner (mockingly). "Is that all? Good-morning. A merry Christmas to you!"

With which parting compliment she flourished out of the dock.

The London beggar is a troublesome personage. He is oftener plucky than meek. He argues with the magistrate, and looks upon his trade as one persecuted by tyrannical laws.

A poor old fellow, wellnigh naked, was put into the dock for begging.

A sergeant testified that he saw the prisoner walking along singing, begging, and trembling, and so arrested him.

Magistrate. "What was he doing?"

Sergeant. "Trembling, sir."

"Was he all alone?"

"Yes, sir."

Prisoner. "I wasn't trembling for the purpose. It was the cold, sir."

"Well, take care you don't tremble in company. This time you appear to have trembled alone; so you are discharged."

As he left the court, prisoner was heard to say, *adieu* voce, that the magistrate was a "very good chap."

Never was the philosophy of cynical indifference to fate carried to greater lengths than by one Dennis Haggerty, a prisoner not long ago summoned to answer the charge of picking pockets at Guildhall. Haggerty did not care to deny that or any other charge that might be brought against him. He looked upon his position as the result of sheer, inexorable fate; nay, he contemplated his return to a similar position in the future with an eye at once calm and prophetic.

The bench asks him if he has any thing

to say why sentence should not be passed upon him.

"Nuffen," he replies, doggedly.

The bench calls his attention to the fact that "nuffen" is not a plea recognized by society.

"Well, then," retorts the prisoner, a little tartly, "I have this yer to say: I sha'n't be honest no more; it's no use."

"Do you mean that you shall continue to steal?"

"Yes, that's wot I does mean. I can't get no work. I've tried to get it. A prig I is, and a prig I means to be."

The prisoner is sternly sentenced to hard labor for six weeks.

"Yer may make it ten weeks if yer likes," replies Haggerty. "I can't do nothin' but thieve; and thieve I means to, whenever I gets the chance."

Haggerty clearly does not regard life in the light of a blessing.

Not long ago a familiar figure in the streets of the East End was a short, thickset, fierce-looking man, with a somewhat rubicund nose, and stubby hair not too intimately acquainted with brush and comb. He was known to the rather squalid neighborhoods which he haunted as "Richard the Third," but, being brought up at Worship Street one day for creating a disturbance, he said that his name was Smith, but that he had never had a Christian name that he knew of.

"Richard the Third," it appears, was a street-tragedian, and gained a precarious but exciting livelihood by reciting *Gloster's* speeches, and other Shakespearean utterances, about the streets. One evening he was caught making a great noise in Canrobert Street, Bethnal Green. He was "spouting Shakespeare," as the unreverential policeman said, to a boisterous and admiring crowd of street-urchins and area-slatterns. He brandished a short wooden sword in his hand, and was evidently engaged in a terrific combat with an imaginary *Macduff*, whom he heroically bade to "come on," and asked, "What need I fear of thee?" The policeman came up, and, being perceived by the tragedian, was exhorted to "take any shape but that." He refused, however, to suspend the scene, exclaiming, "Macbeth shall never vanquished be!" whereupon the officer, prosaically concluding that *Macbeth* was half-seas-over, arrested him. *Macbeth* thereupon quietly sheathed his sword, and exclaiming, "No matter; 'tis the fate of greatness," submitted to his destiny. It seems hard that the genial player should have been fined ten shillings, or a week's imprisonment.

It is not seldom that lunatics at large fall into the hands of the London police, and are brought up in the police-courts. Policemen can scarcely be expected to be experts in mental phenomena. Scenes at once amusing and pathetic naturally ensue. A favorite delusion with these strayed lunatics seems to be that they are the queen, the Prince of Wales, or some other august character.

In this wise was a lunatic afflicted who was recently found, at four in the morning, wandering in the neighborhood of Stafford House, the town-residence of the Duke of Sutherland. The porter of Stafford House complained to the police that this young man

(who was only twenty-one) insisted on ringing the bell and going in. The policeman asked him what he was doing there, and he replied that they were his gardens, and that he was the Duke of Sutherland. He had been with the Prince of Wales, and had come home late.

On being brought up at Bow Street, the young man was asked if he wished to put any questions to the constable.

"No, sir," he replied; "he has only made one mistake. I was not with the Prince of Wales; the Prince of Wales was with me. I believe that, under the lunacy laws, I am the prince's sovereign."

Magistrate. "You will be remanded for a week for inquiries."

Prisoner. "Of course you will allow me to stop at Stafford House in the mean while?"

The magistrate feared he could not promise that; he would be very comfortable at the house of detention.

Prisoner. "Well, sir, if not there, I have other houses in London. The Duke of Portland's house, in Cavendish Square, is also mine. I could stop there."

Magistrate. "Haven't you any smaller houses?"

Prisoner. "No, sir; I fear I have not."

It turned out that he had escaped from a Peckham asylum that morning.

A similar case was that of a good-looking man of middle age, who declared himself to be the eldest son of the queen. A doctor testified that this prisoner, who gave his name as "Albert Saxon," had told him that the queen was coming to see him, and own him as her son.

Prisoner. "Yes, sir; she promised to come and see me on the 10th of July last, but she has not been yet. I received a message from her to-day, and she promises to come to-morrow."

Doctor. "The delusion is a fixed one."

Prisoner. "It is not a delusion at all. I am the most sensible man in all England, and I say I am Albert Saxon, the queen's first-born."

A not more doubtful case was that of a woman who was most unjustly sentenced to imprisonment for a month with hard labor.

Being brought into court, she gave her name as Margaret Freestone, and began to talk loudly, making love to the jailer, whom she seized over the dock. There was a laugh in court, at which Dicker, the door-keeper, shouted, "Silence!"

The prisoner broke in with, "Yes, silence. —What are you laughing at, you stupid? —Good-afternoon, ladies and gentlemen all. —Look at the beak, boys."

Usher. "Silence!"

Prisoner. "Silence gives consent. Look at the minister there" (pointing to the judge). "He'll preach directly."

Judge. "Is the woman sober?"

Policeman. "Yes, sir. She was taken to a doctor's on the way to the court, and then she turned like this. She appeared well before."

Prisoner. "Well? Of course I'm well."

Judge. "Is her head affected?"

Prisoner. "Am I cracked? Of course—

in the nut. You'll be, to-morrow." Then she began to sing—

"Good-by, Johnny; before I leave you,
One more kiss before I go.
For to catch me on the top,
Or on my tibby drop."

When sentenced to a month with hard labor, the poor creature broke out: "What! only a month? What fun! Good-night, ladies and gentlemen all.—Good-night, boys" (to the public). "Three cheers for the beak! Hooray!"

It afterward appeared that the poor thing had been deserted by her husband, and was clearly mad in consequence of her calamities.

Lovers' quarrels among the lower orders now and then find a rather unromantic sequel in the police-courts. The outraged sweetheart of Drury Lane or Smithfield is not slow to resent abuse by having her Tom or Jerry arrested and charged with assault; but, womanlike, relents when she finds him really in the clutches of the law, and seeks to undo her retributive work.

A "domestic servant" of comely presence thus arraigned her somewhat violent lover on a charge of threats and assault. She was engaged to him, she said; but, finding he was not a "respectable person," broke off the match. Accidentally meeting her in Islington, he told her that if she did not walk with him he would be a "wood-demon" to her. He threatened to knock her down, and was really so abusive that she was forced to call a policeman. Brought up in Clerkenwell Court, defendant, in a very excited state, thus explained the situation:

"My lord, I loved her too well to harm her. If I said one word to hurt her feelings, I am sorry, for I love her still. My mamma will stand up and speak for me. Would I wear her likeness; would I have it set in a ring and wear it on my finger—oh, I have it here!—if I had not the fondest, most sincere, the most lovable kindness for her? Let my mamma speak, my lord."

Whereupon his "mamma" took the stand, and testified that he was a good lad, and helped support his brother and family.

The magistrate said there was no doubt the defendant was very excitable, whereon the latter exclaimed: "O my lord, take my word, I will never harm her!" He was bound over to keep the peace, and the lovers left the court arm-in-arm.

A more elderly swain, in the shoemaking line, was brought up for "willfully annoying" a comely widow, who testified thus:

"He professes to be in love with me, and wants to marry me. He asked me to forgive him for writing certain letters to me, and then caught hold of me. I told him to leave, and a friend took me from him."

Prisoner. "Didn't I tell you that my intentions were honorable?"

Widow. "You might have said so."

Prisoner. "I went as an honorable suitor, and don't you think my intentions were honorable?"

Widow. "I go in fear of him."

Prisoner. "I lodged in her house, and left; and, thinking she would make a good wife, and cheer me for life, I went to arrange the little matter, and have no doubt, if we

had been left alone, I should have done so, and that my visit would have been pleasing. But, instead of that, the place was crowded with people, and I found that all my hopes were blighted, and that I was not wanted. I caught hold of her to embrace her, and was only as bold as the occasion justified."

Magistrate. "Why do you not leave her alone?"

Prisoner. "Because I thought she wanted me to come, and that I was encouraged. I told her that my hat covered my family. I don't, however, know, after all, that I am acting right in taking such an awful responsibility on me, as I am in indifferent health, and she is a woman with two strong sons."

He was bound over to keep the peace.

Dogs sometimes appear in august places. It is said that on one occasion, when Lord North, then prime-minister, was addressing the House of Commons, a dog ran in, and, jumping on a table in front of the Speaker, began to bark loudly. "I see," said Lord North, looking around smilingly, "that I am interrupted by a new member." The dog barked again. "But," continued the premier, "it is not in order for a new member to speak twice in the same debate."

An amusing case having reference to a dog occurred not long ago at Worship Street. One Stubbs, a green-grocer, was charged with cruelty to one of these faithful animals, when the following colloquy took place:

Magistrate. "What is the act of cruelty?"

Counsel. "Throwing a bunch of carrots at the dog."

Magistrate (sternly). "Do you mean that that was intentional cruelty?"

Counsel. "I shall be able to satisfy you that there was great cruelty. The heavy bunch of carrots struck the dog on the back, and, even at this lapse of time—five weeks—it is still in pain."

Magistrate. "Have you any witness?"

Counsel. "I have the dog, sir."

The dog was here brought into court and put down, whereon he straightway began to jump and frisk about, showing no signs of any injury.

Magistrate. "How do you say it is injured?"

Counsel. "Its coat is all off its back."

Magistrate. "But you can't say that was done by the carrots. Do you say the defendant had any animus toward the owner of the dog?"

Counsel. "No, sir."

Magistrate. "It is really too absurd to take up the time of the court with such a case. I dismiss the summons."

THE ICEBERG.

WHERE the keen wan peaks, in frigid pride unbending,
Jut up against the abysmal blue of night;
Where the red aurora, at the world's wide ending,

Opens in heaven her awful fan of light;
A part of all the inviolate peace around him,
Calm amid mighty quietudes did he rest,
The fierce cold for a manacle that bound him,
The arctic stars to sparkle on his crest!

Here silence as a monarch reigned immensely,
The quintessence of cold was here no less,
Each utter as before God spake intensely
And visible things leaped out from nothingness.
A land wherewith no living sign was blended,
A white monotony of weird device;
One towering boreal torpor, chaste and splendid,
One monstrous immobility of ice!

But when light woke within that bleak heaven,
grandly
To illumine pale polar summits, range on range,
Then blindly through his glacial soul, yet blandly,
He felt the movement of mysterious change.
He seemed to have heard, across vast ocean-reaches,
A summoning voice from equatorial calms,
From languorous tropic bowers and lucid beaches,
From blossoming headlands and high plumes of palms!

A voice compelling and a voice commanding,
Yet sweet as flute-notes near still purple seas;
Strange beyond speech, and strong beyond withstanding,
Yet soft withal, as tremulous airs in trees:
A voice of such deep charm that while he wondered,
Plungingly seaward his huge frame he bent,
And all his proud enormity was sundered
From all its fetters of encompassment.

Then he went down superbly over distance
Of mad uproarious surges, height on height,
That hurled tempestuous onslaughts of resistance
Round his serene magnificence of might.
Then he went down, across the unknown sea-spaces,
A spot of radiance on their billowy whirl,
Scintillant with the sun's most dazzling graces,
Or touched by moonbeams to phantasmal pearl.

One chill wind, like a breath of death, ran blowing
Incessantly along his path austere;
And far before the grandeur of his going,
Like birds the little vessels fled in fear.
Green flashed the glassy bastions, whence, transcendent,
His frosted pinnacles blazed out above,
While, in colossal crystal calm resplendent,
Superbly he went down to meet his love!

But, journeying thus, too thrilled for all confusion
Of boisterous wave or bluff blast to annoy,
He had lessened with insidious diminution—
He had wasted and not known it in his joy!
For through him there had pulsed a fire of yearning,
'Twas ruin, although 'twas rapture to have known;
And love within his frozen life lay burning,
Like a ruby under fathoms of stern stone.

And so, while passion in his dumb breast kindled
A lordlier larger impulse to adore,
The more his eminent glories waned and dwindled,
As that ethereal voice allured the more.
And then, with bitterest pangs, he felt the fleeting
Of all his luminous loftiness and pride,
And shuddered with the dark thought of not meeting
That vague invisible love before he died!

And still the summoning voice came sweet and eager,
Though touched with semitones of divine regret,
And hourly growing meagre and more meagre,
He journeyed on, desiring, yearning yet;
Till now he vanished utterly, and the tender
Lulled waves of tropic ocean smiled above
Him that in all the morning of his splendor
Superbly had gone down to meet his love!

EDGAR FAWCETT

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE spelling-mania has revived all the theories about phonetic spelling, and from many quarters come formidable assaults upon our whole English method of constructing words. The *Home Journal* has been specially zealous for a new departure in orthography, and has been attempting to show its readers how tremendous is the waste of time and energy by writers and printers in consequence of the number of words over-weighted with letters. That a few simplifications of our orthography are desirable, is not to be denied; but phonetic spelling, so called, seems to us an impracticable delusion. In the first place, no method can be devised by which the sound of a combination of letters can bear an accurate relation to the sounds of the letters when separated. In so simple a word as *cat* there is neither the sound of *c*, nor of *a*, nor of *t*, and yet all that phonetic spelling can do to aid the matter is to substitute *k* for *c*. We may get nearer to phonetic spelling by a few changes of this character, but many of the suggestions for a new spelling would only throw the language into confusion. It is proposed, for instance, that *would* and *could* should be rendered *wud* and *cud*. Is it not manifest at once that these words, so spelled, indicate the short sound of the vowel, and would be inevitably pronounced so as to rhyme with *bud*? The *l* might be dropped to advantage, perhaps; and this is all. There are many silent letters in words that are yet useful in determining the pronunciation, especially as to the sound of the preceding vowel. The final letter in *shade*, *rate*, *hate*, *sate*, is silent; yet, if we strike it out, the words are changed, and become *shad*, *rat*, *hat*, *sit*. A series of vowel-markings could be adopted, it is true, which would indicate the long or short sound, and in instances like the above, determine the meaning of the word, but writers, if not printers, would scarcely find the necessity of marking every vowel an economy of time or labor. But even if the suppression of silent letters should accomplish all that is claimed for it as a conservator of energy, there are yet good reasons why its introduction should be resisted.

Phonetic spelling assumes that utility is the sole law of being. It is a theory that comprehends only a very small part of the subject—a theory that does not see that words are not merely sounds, but have form, proportion, and a certain æsthetic character that would be outraged in their spoliation. Our language has not grown up so capriciously as is supposed. Words are rooted down in our natures and our habits; they have grown out of conditions and perceptions that bear a subtle but no less certain relation to their forms and proportions; they embody not only a world of memories and associations, but have character, color, and quality for the

eye, as well as sound for the ear. When our American iconoclasts cast out the *u* from words like *colour*, *honour*, etc., they paused before Saviour, which they reverently hesitated to despoil in the slightest degree. If the sole purpose of words were to convey facts, we should then naturally seek for the most expeditious and compact method of presenting them; but literature is very largely an art designed to confer pleasure. The principal charm of many writers consists of their graces of style, amid which it is our delight to linger. We hang over the mellow tone, the play of light and shade, the soft and insinuating melody of words; we enjoy the affluence of the sentences, the easy, lingering methods, the abundant luxuriance of phrase and expression; we are embowered, as it were, amid a fruitful growth and expansion of choicely-woven words; and nothing would be less consonant to the whole spirit of this literature than an attenuated and meagre orthography, wholly colorless and barbaric, stripped to its bare, logical proportions. There have entered into the construction of words a few idle caprices, no doubt; but there have also entered an æsthetic feeling for proportion, a passion for swelling roundness of form; and dry and dreary enough would our printed sentences appear if shorn of all their "outward limbs and flourishes." We are not yet prepared to surrender the associations of our language to the needs of commerce and statistics, which may invent their own short-hand methods if they desire, provided their devices are kept from literature in all its æsthetic utterances.

If, merely as a saving of labor, phonetic spelling is to be enforced, we must logically carry the same utilitarian principle into style, and rigidly prune down our sentences to the baldest statements. The terms that give color and roundness; the phrases that amplify and expand; the touches that add grace and charm—all must yield to the law of condensation. If our present orthography occasions with writers and printers a yearly loss of energy, as the *Home Journal* estimates, equivalent to the aggregate services of fifty thousand men, then much greater is the waste on account of excesses of expression and exuberance of epithet! But the fact is, life, and culture, and art, are not to be brought to this sort of mechanical compression. They must have their ample spaces and their free methods; and they imitate Nature itself in that abundance which permits grace and beauty, as well as utility. But even on the ground of pure utility there are formidable arguments against a reconstruction of orthography. Phonetic spelling once made common, all the books of the past would become useless to the great majority of readers. In a generation or two, as soon as the present spelling has become entirely superseded, we should have to reprint our Bibles,

our histories, our school-books, our poets, our classics generally. This would be a tremendous cost, rather in excess of the advantage of being able to compact current literature a little.

We are very frequently told of the difficulties of mastering our present orthography. These are much exaggerated, and the difficulties, such as they are, have been enhanced by an absurd use of the spelling-book—arbitrarily memorizing words, instead of learning them in sentences with association of their meaning (which we discussed a few weeks ago). In the acquisition of the language by foreigners, the orthography is a small matter, the great difficulties being the idioms and the pronunciation. Learning foreign languages would be comparatively easy were the task merely to learn the meaning and the construction of words. While upon this subject, let us say that, at least, something might be done to obtain a uniform English spelling in all parts of the English-speaking world. Now, with many words there is one method in England, another in Boston, another in the West. It is preposterous in the matter of a language that any one individual should interpose his ideas and have his followers, as we see in this country, where Webster sets the authority for some, and Worcester for others. There ought to be a convention of delegates from Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, and Yale; this convention should agree upon the correct orthography of all disputed words, and its declaration should become the ultimate authority with us all.

THE College of Music which a wealthy unknown is to found in New York may or may not be practicable in many of its proposed features, but it seems to us that all attempts on the part of men of wealth to establish institutions designed to promote æsthetic culture deserve the generous approval of the public. In the United States arts and letters can be adequately fostered by individuals only; the government has no mission to fulfill in this direction. We must look to our men of wealth for the establishment of museums of art, galleries of pictures, and similar institutions. Each member of the community has his own preferences: one desires to see a great art-gallery, and is apt to be impatient at endowments for purposes that seem to him less pressing; another is enamored of science, and thinks the superfluous wealth of our millionaires might be better expended in polytechnic schools and museums than in fostering works of the imagination. But this unfriendly attitude toward projects not in accord with one's own personal sympathies is wholly ungenerous and narrow. If to-day a munificent endowment establishes a musical college, the generous act may be the means of inducing some one else to found a museum or an art-gallery to-morrow. The example is most important, and in time each of us will

find his favorite hope in this way promoted. It is a regret with us to see the years lapse by and still nothing done toward establishing an art-gallery worthy the leading city of the Western Hemisphere; and we at one time hoped that a grand aquarium was upon the eve of formation here; but projects like this music-college only give assurance that the day cannot be far distant when other equally zealous persons will immortalize their names, and bring our hopes to fruition.

If any of our millionaires are meditating an art gallery, we hope they will take a hint from Mr. Julian Hawthorne's utterances given in this week's "Miscellany." Allowing something for its humorous exaggeration, there is still a great deal of truth in what he utters. It would be impracticable, of course, to give separate rooms or compartments to all the small pictures of a gallery; but a truly grand plan, one conceived and carried out with liberality and under a high æsthetic inspiration, should recognize the fact that a great picture cannot be fully understood or enjoyed unless separated from all confusing forms and distracting colors. One, absolutely, does not fairly see, and does not fully know, what a picture is, unless exhibited under conditions of entire isolation from other paintings, and with surroundings in tone and character that are in harmony with its key of color. If it should be impossible to give a distinctly separate compartment to every important picture, it would be practicable to break up the gallery into many compartments, grouping pictures of similar tone and quality together. Paintings will never confer the pleasure nor exercise the influence they are capable of until we wholly reform our methods of displaying them. The European galleries, the greatest of them, confuse and confound in a very chaos of color and form, and the art-student has to struggle desperately with the conditions that surround each picture in his effort to comprehend it. It would be a gratifying thing if the great art-gallery of New York, when it comes (and it surely will come), should initiate the needed reform, and set the rest of the world an example.

Mr. Gazo, who has won some just reputation as a thoughtful, precise writer of essays, is disposed to be despondent about the velocity and headlong rush of modern existence. "Fast life"—by rail and telegraph, ocean-steamers and extreme-bred horses—seems to him a melancholy product of high civilization. Following in the Carlylese vein, he thinks that society, under its present high pressure, is going to the dogs, and that the only hope of the future is derived from the reflection that wealth, after a while, may tire of luxury. It seems to us that this rather depressing essayist mistakes the wear and tear of rails and wires, of screws and loco-

motives, for that of the human tissues. A man does not wear himself out any more sitting in a railway-train and going at the rate of forty miles an hour, than did Dr. Johnson rumbling in big coaches over Scottish roads at six miles an hour; nor does the physical strength become any more impaired lying on the cushions of a Cunard cabin than bumped about in the narrow quarters of a merchant-man. The truth is, that our great modern improvements are, as has been well said, "facilities, not frictions; savings, not augmentations, of human wear and tear." Mr. Greg says, in a deprecatory tone, that "Mr. Pitt, in traveling, was no better off than Pericles or Agamemnon. If Ruth had wished to write to Naomi, or David to send a word of love to Jonathan, when he was a hundred miles away, he could not possibly have done it under twelve hours. Nor could we to our friends fifty years ago. In 1875 the humblest citizen can convey such a message, not a hundred, but a thousand miles, in twelve minutes." Where is the harm, and where the wear and tear? Life is made the longer, not the shorter; for so much the more can be crowded into the same period of existence, and that without a whit more physical worry and exertion. Mr. Greg has his counterpart in complainers of another sort, who maintain that life is becoming too luxuriously indolent and easy. Which is the truth—that we live too feverishly fast, or too luxuriously? The answer would seem to be that, on the whole, the ills and goods of progress are mutually compensating in our age. But Mr. Greg has, perhaps, overlooked the proud fact that the average duration of human life is increasing.

An interesting statement has just been made of the ages at which marriages are legal in the various states of Europe. It is evident at a glance that there is a marked difference, in respect to the legal restrictions on marriage, between the northern and generally Protestant countries, and the southern and Catholic countries. This has, no doubt, partly a moral and partly a physical reason. The Danish or Russian youths are several years slower than the Italians or Spaniards in reaching physical puberty. So we find that, while in Russia marriage cannot be legally contracted until the males are eighteen and the females sixteen, and in Denmark until the males are twenty and the females eighteen, on the other hand Spanish youths may marry at fourteen (males) and twelve (females); and it is the same in Greece and Hungary. As Italy has become more liberal and progressive, the standard has been raised, and is now put at eighteen and fifteen respectively. The states which have the highest standard are Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt, where a man must be twenty-five and a woman twenty-one before they can legally marry. The marital legislation of the south

seems to have been generally based on purely physical considerations, while that of the north has taken into account mental and moral maturity, and the capacity to engage in business, and thus support a family. The paternal care of the German governments for the social well-being of their subjects is especially apparent. France has, like Italy, raised the standard of age, which is now placed at eighteen and fifteen respectively; and this is the general tendency. The Catholic Church seems to have favored early marriages: for wherever this rite has been regarded as exclusively a matter of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the marriageable ages are found to have been put lowest.

Literary.

THE first two volumes of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War" appeared in England in 1863; the third and fourth in 1868; the fifth was published at the close of the last year, and the work is not yet finished. In this country the republication of the work has wisely been put into less formidable shape; the five volumes have appeared as three, and the intervals have been somewhat different from those named above; but the whole published matter of the history is laid before us, and enough is now in possession of American as well as British readers to warrant the formation of an opinion of the book, which the still unfinished portion is not likely greatly to change.

The length of time consumed, and the dimensions the work has attained, are *prima facie* and in this case trustworthy indications of the thoroughness with which the labor has been carried out; and perhaps the first of the obvious good qualities of Mr. Kinglake's study of a period so recently past is the determined fairness which has refused to be hurried in the sifting of materials, in order to reap the reward of that quick popularity which comes to a work of absorbing contemporary interest. Had Mr. Kinglake hastily put together what seemed the ample and undisputed facts, ready to his hand at a time when the Crimean struggle was a theme uppermost in the minds of all English readers, his book would have been more quickly seized upon, more eagerly read by the great multitude, and sooner famous than it will be upon its conclusion according to the present plan. But his scheme was not that of many works to which the public is enticed by the feeling of the time alone—works like several which have been offered to American readers on the history of our own civil war, for instance—but was of a more enduring kind. When Mr. Kinglake announced a history, he meant—a history; not a scrap-book of single glimpses at the field, taken in the heat of the fight, or even recorded by those anomalies, the people who imagine themselves unprejudiced because they are without enthusiasms in times of action. He had in mind a broad and accurate picture of the whole, not a portfolio of sketches of the parts; and he has carried out his scheme with so much of

the true historian's spirit, that he has escaped censure from all but those whose views remain prejudiced, and won deserved praise from the best of the actors as well as of the lookers-on at the struggle that he is depicting.

The third volume of the American edition,* which has been recently published, and which especially leads us now to look back at the scheme of the work, is altogether devoted to the battle of Inkerman and its attendant struggles. Its introductory portion comprehends the "Combat of the Lesser Inkerman," a sketch of the Dormant Commission and Sir George Cathcart, and a chapter on "The Retention of Balaklava." Then, about the fiftieth of its three hundred pages, it takes up the main battle of Inkerman, dividing it into an introduction and seven "periods."

We will not attempt, in the space at our command, to follow this subdivision further. To do so would be to give a thorough synopsis of the volume, which we must leave to the reader. But we choose a few paragraphs descriptive of incidents only, for citation, if only to convince the reader, if he needs convincing, that the style of Mr. Kinglake's narrative, as well as the merit of his comments, has not grown less noticeable since those earlier volumes which sketched for us some of the most brilliant passages of the war.

Here is an episode, a feat of arms in the "second period" of the battle—where a little body of Englishmen, with certain colors, had been cut off from the main body by a great force of Russian troops:

"In this strait, Burnaby remembered what he had been able to achieve on the Ledgeway by striking there at a column with only a small knot of men, and, perceiving that now mere defensive resistance was hopeless, he judged that, by comparison with so blank a resource as that, an attack which would be wild under other conditions might be in reality prudent. His men at this moment were falling back very fast, but still he did not despair of being able to rally them and get them to charge.

"He had no brother officer near him; but Baneroff—the hero of the fight on the Ledgeway—stood yet at his side, as did also a sergeant of the line who had mingled with the guards, and was doing splendid service. Isaac Archer, Joseph Troy, John Pullen, Edward Hill, and William Turner were near. With these, besides ten or twelve more—some guardsmen, some men of the line—there gathered and fronted under Burnaby's appeal some eighteen or twenty men. Burnaby told them to close together, and then said, 'Are you ready?' The men answered by their act. They sprang forward. In front of them all at that moment, giving splendid example to others, were Isaac Archer and the sergeant of the line. There were some Russians in loose order advancing in front of the column, but our people, as Archer expresses it, 'knocked them out of the way,' and then there was nothing except air and smoke between the solid column and the little knot of its English assailants.

* The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of Its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Volume III. Battle of Inkerman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Men in the foremost of the enemy's ranks brought their firelocks down to the charge, but did not spring forward 'at the double' in advance of their comrades. The whole column, however—and, of course, the front ranks along with it—continued to advance against the English. Yet, down to this moment, the little bevy of English was still advancing against the column. Of the two, which would halt or hold back? Not the Russians; for, this time at least, with English colors retreating before them, they came on with set purpose; and, while their people in front gave a voice to the eagerness of the force by their shouts and fierce yells, the whole mass was kept in glad consciousness of its overwhelming numbers by the multitudinous strains of a hymn roaring up from its depths. Must it, then, be the eighteen or twenty English who, as was natural, would have to yield? Not they, if their captain could choose, for his shout was now again heard: 'Get close together and charge them once more, my men!' Desperate as his appeal might sound, he was obeyed. 'I thought it perfectly useless,' says Baneroff, with his soldier-like simplicity; 'I thought it perfectly useless, so few of us trying to resist such a tremendous lot; but, for all that, I did so.'"

A second extract will give an idea of Mr. Kinglake's manner of characterizing the general features of the fighting:

"A sentence that Brownrigg heard uttered by a soldier of the Grenadier Guards tells much of the Inkerman story. The man at the time was advancing against masses numbered by thousands, but the Russians that interested him were those whom he himself might perhaps shoot down or run through, and his delighted estimate was, 'I'm d—d if there aren't scores of 'em!' That man, multiplied by the number of English bayonets in action, was the difficult foe whom the enemy thought to overwhelm by the power and weight of his columns. The attention of a field-officer (until his horse should be shot under him) might take a somewhat wider range; but, if such a one could give unity to the weak battalion or wing he commanded, that was commonly the utmost he could attempt. In such conditions, each separate gathering of English soldiery went on fighting its own little battle in happy and advantageous ignorance of the general state of the action; nay, even very often in ignorance of the fact that any great conflict was raging; and the notion of the officer commanding in this narrow sphere was always that he must fight out his quarrel with what troops he had, or, at most, ask for small reinforcements scarce sufficient to furnish one company for a German or Russian battalion. It was by uncombined though nearly simultaneous fights of this kind that some three thousand six hundred of our infantry in the first period of the action made good their resistance to twenty-five thousand, and even expunged from the battle-field no less than twenty battalions with a strength of fifteen thousand men."

A third extract, and the last, is interesting as a singular contribution to the study of lesser phenomena of battle. It is taken from one of the appendices, and refers to the use of the phrase "biting the dust"—an explanation characteristic of the accuracy with which Mr. Kinglake thinks it necessary to justify even the picturesqueness of a description:

"It would seem that this muscular action is apt to occur when a man has been arrested

by death in the act of strenuous bodily exertion; and no doubt an artilleryman, while hotly engaged and vehemently serving his gun, must in general be much harder at work than an infantry soldier busied with his firelock. In ancient times, a large proportion of the slain were killed in the act of exerting their strength to the utmost, and then it was that 'biting the dust' became almost an equivalent for being killed in battle. However hotly engaged, a modern infantry soldier does not commonly exert, while halted, any great amount of physical strength, and the instances in which he literally 'bites the dust' are comparatively rare."

Dr. Vogel's popular volume on "Photography,"* which forms the fourteenth number of the "International Scientific Series," supplies a want that has very long been felt—the want of a book which should speak with the authority of a master on the scientific aspects of the subject, and yet should not be so far removed from the popular interest in its mechanical side and its results that it would seem to speak from a mountain-top of technical learning.

Within ten years the subject of this book has become of absorbing interest to people all over the world—forming at once the most attractive, the most wonderful, and the most easily used of all those scientific phenomena with which we play so familiarly nowadays. Dr. Vogel's words about it, and its almost more wonderful fellow, are not exaggerated:

"Among the splendid scientific inventions of this century, two are specially prominent—photography and spectrum analysis. Both belong to the province of optics, and at the same time of chemistry. While spectrum analysis has, down to the present time, remained almost exclusively in the hands of the learned, photography passed immediately into practical life, spread over almost every branch of human effort and knowledge, and now there is scarcely a single field in the universe of visible phenomena where its productive influence is not felt.

"It brings before us faithful pictures of remote regions, of strange forms of stratification, of fauna, and of flora; it fixes the transient appearances of solar eclipses; it is of great utility to the astronomer and geographer; it registers the movements of the barometer and thermometer; it has found an alliance with porcelain-painting, with lithography, metal and book typography; it makes the noblest works of art accessible to those of slender means. It may thus be compared to the art of printing, which confers the greatest benefit by multiplying the production of thought, for it conveys an analogous advantage by fixing and multiplying phenomena. But it does more than this. A new science has been called into being by photography—the chemistry of light; it has given new conclusions respecting the operations of the vibrating ether of light."

Dr. Vogel's book is the model of what such a treatise should be. Beginning with a history of the subject, it takes up each process in the order of its discovery, makes each as interesting to the reader as every chapter of such discovery must seem to those who

* The International Scientific Series. The Chemistry of Light and Photography. By Dr. Hermann Vogel, Professor in the Royal Industrial Academy of Berlin. With One Hundred Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

follow the wonderful romance of science, and finally, without wearisome technicality, points out the principles involved, and the almost numberless applications of the art.

There is an element of interest in the often-repeated story of Daguerre's first invention, that makes Dr. Vogel's account of it an attractive passage—especially that part of it where he describes the chemist's accidental discovery of the means of making new power available for portraiture—something which his first plates did not permit, their preparation requiring a long exposure to light, so that one desiring his likeness upon them "would have been obliged to remain motionless for hours to obtain it."

"One day Daguerre placed aside as useless, in a closet in which were some chemical substances, several plates that had been exposed too short a time to the light, and therefore as yet showed no image. After some time he looked by accident at the plates, and was not a little astonished to see an image upon them. He immediately divined that this must have arisen through the operation on the plates of some chemical substance which was lying in the closet. He therefore proceeded to take one chemical out of the closet after the other, placed in it plates recently exposed to the light, when, after remaining there some hours, images were again produced upon them. At length he had removed in succession all the chemical substances from the closet, and still images were produced upon the plates that had been exposed to the light. He was now on the point of believing the closet to be bewitched, when he discovered on the floor a shell containing quicksilver, which he had hitherto overlooked. He conceived the notion that the vapor from this substance—for mercury gives off vapor even at an ordinary temperature—must have been the magic power which produced the image. To test the accuracy of this supposition, he again took a plate that had been exposed to light for a short time in the *camera-obscura*, and on which no image was yet visible. He exposed this plate to the vapor of quicksilver, and, to his intense delight, an image appeared, and the world was again enriched by one of its most beautiful discoveries."

We will select one or two other passages at random. Here is one interesting as correcting a wide-spread misconception:

"Much has been said of instantaneous pictures. The Deputy Faucher remarked once, in the Prussian House of Deputies: 'There are now instantaneous pictures. Portraits can be stolen by this process, and it will perhaps be necessary to guard against it by the most extraordinary precautions—probably masks will have to be worn.' This statement is based on a mystification. Faucher had been made the victim of one of those photographers who, by incredible boasting and puffing themselves, seek to impose on the public. Instantaneous pictures are possible if the object is clearly illuminated by the sun; therefore it is easier to prepare an instantaneous picture from a brightly-illuminated landscape. It is quite another matter having to do with a portrait in an *atelier*. Direct sunlight would produce an unpleasant glare and sharp shadows upon a dark background in a portrait under these circumstances; the eyes would have a contracted look, and a very ugly picture would be the result. As we before remarked, very powerful lenses have been constructed, which admit of

shortening the time of exposure. These are, however, only suitable for very small pictures, and are only employed for small, restless objects, like children, in whose case the photographer is satisfied to get the chief part—that is, the head, as quickly as possible into the picture."

Here is a passage in the account of microscopic photography, which tells us of some of the wonders accomplished during the Paris siege, and gives us an idea of what may be done in the future:

"Simpson, in England, has called attention to the fact that, by the help of photography, the contents of whole folios can be concentrated within a few square inches, and that the substance of books filling entire halls, when reduced by microscopic photography, can be brought within the compass of a single drawer, a circumstance which, with the enormous increase of material that has to be swallowed by our libraries, may be of importance. No doubt, to read such microscopic works requires either a microscope or an enlarging magic lantern.

"Hitherto it has not been applied to this purpose, though Scamoni's heliographic process, described further on, would considerably facilitate the creation of such microscopic libraries. But such microscopic photographs have obtained great importance in promoting pigeon-dispatches. During the siege of Paris, in 1870, the blockaded city held communication with the world outside by means of balloons and carrier-pigeons. The first mode of communication was almost engrossed for political objects; the second only admitted the transmission of very minute writing. Letters, however condensed, could scarcely have been sent more than two or three at a time by a pigeon. In this case, microscopic photography presented a valuable means of concentrating many pages on a collodion film of only one square inch, and of expediting more than a dozen of such almost impponderable films packed in one quill. Dagrand, at Paris, also set going the system of these pigeon-dispatches. All the correspondence which had to be diminished was first set up in type, and printed together on a folio page. A microscopic photograph was made of this folio page, contained in about the space of one and a half square inch. This collodion film, with the image upon it, was then glazed over by pouring leather collodion over it—that is, collodion containing a solution of glycerine. This glucose collodion easily dries, separates from the picture, and forms a transparent film. A membrane of this kind could contain as many as fifteen hundred dispatches. At the place of arrival these membranes were unrolled, and then enlarged by the help of a magic lantern; a number of writers thereupon set to work to copy the enlarged dispatches, and ultimately forwarded them to their respective addressees. Thus Paris corresponded, by the aid of photography, for six months with the world without, and even poor persons were able to let their relatives know that they still lived."

In 1860 Mr. Herbert Spencer began the publication of that Philosophical System that is now known the world over; and he chose to bring its parts successively before his readers, a method which was regarded, even by his friends (with few exceptions), as without the probability, and almost without the possibility, of success. He began the publi-

cation of a quarterly serial, the successive numbers of which should develop the system logically from its beginning, and when collected should comprise the great work of his life. The prospectus of this work, as a recent reviewer has said, "was generally received with derisive incredulity, as foreshadowing an impossible and Quixotic undertaking." "Yet," as the same writer says, with no overstatement of the wonderful result, "in this age of unparalleled intellectual activity and inexorable criticism, and marked by the rapid extension and development of scientific thought, Mr. Spencer has marked out an original course of inquiry, even the partial realization of which is recognized as the finest intellectual exploit of the century. Nor is there any singularity in this estimate of his achievement, for it has won for him from the most eminent authorities the distinction of being one of the greatest organizers of thought that have appeared since Newton, while there are not wanting those who hold that he is without a peer in his logical command and constructive use of the broadest results of modern scientific research."

With a success that is now accepted as a matter of course, and without any important interruption, Mr. Spencer carried on his scheme throughout the earlier and now familiar portions of his work. The "First Principles," the "Principles of Biology," and the "Principles of Psychology," have been presented through the quarterly numbers published during the last fifteen years, and now we have them in volumes; but, at the end of the last division named, a long and unavoidable interruption occurred. The "Principles of Sociology" and the "Principles of Morality" are still to come—the great and important conclusions to which the rest have been but preliminary.

The publication has now, after this long break, been resumed under circumstances that should excite a keen interest and a decided action among all philosophical thinkers in this country. Early in the course of the quarterly issue, when Mr. Spencer was known to but a small audience compared with the enormous one whose attention he now enjoys, an attempt to reprint the successive numbers of his system in this country would perhaps have been without sufficient support; but now all that is greatly changed, and to-day no philosophical writer could approach his place among American readers. Under these circumstances, it has been decided to publish an American edition of the quarterly series, each number to appear simultaneously in New York and London, appearing here under the direction of D. Appleton & Co.

Certainly, if ever any enterprise tending to the higher education of a community deserved success, it is this. Two numbers already lie before us, enough to reveal the importance of this great division of the work, the "Principles of Sociology," over all that has preceded it; enough to make us wonder again, as so often before, at an achievement so amazing (in the word's most literal sense) as this life-work of a single workman has become.

We print below the American publishers' notice:

"After an unavoidable interruption of many months, Mr. Spencer has now resumed the serial publication of his system of 'Synthetic Philosophy.' The reprint of the present part has been somewhat delayed, and it will be followed by No. 33, in January; but in future the publication will be simultaneous in London and New York. The annual subscription, or for four numbers, is \$2—single numbers, 60 cents. A remittance for seven copies to one address will entitle the sender to an eighth copy gratis. THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY and 'Spencer's Serial' will be furnished for \$6 a year. This sociological division of his elaborate work has involved Mr. Spencer in very heavy expense, and it ought to be liberally sustained; and, as the subject is one of great interest and importance, it is hoped that those who appreciate it will spare no effort to extend its circulation."

As we are happily outside the jurisdiction of the Scotch courts, we hope to escape without injury if we utter an expression of surprise at an extraordinary verdict recently delivered at Edinburgh—a verdict which opens terrible possibilities to the most innocent critic, and raises a generally-shared mistake to the greatness of a misdemeanor as soon as it is put in print in an attempt to benefit the public.

The verdict referred to was given in the case of a suit by Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, publishers of "The Educational Atlas," against the London *Athenæum*, on account of a review in which it was stated that the atlas, "though bearing the name of A. Keith Johnston, is the work neither of the primus nor the secundus of that name, for the son is no longer connected with the house established by his late father," and further that the maps were faint, indistinct, difficult of reference, and overcrowded with names. This review the Scotch jury considered malicious, inasmuch as the atlas had in fact been brought out under the supervision of Mr. Keith Johnston, and awarded damages to the amount of twelve hundred and seventy-five pounds. Now, the belief that Mr. Johnston had retired from the firm was very widespread; and the reviewer, though he cannot be entirely pardoned for speaking without greater certainty, was only repeating a prevalent rumor. That the critic should attribute the defects of the atlas to the absence of its watchful chief, was certainly natural enough. Messrs. Johnston & Co. may have been damaged by the review; but we question if they suffered one tithe of what the justice of criticism will suffer from the extravagant verdict of this jury of canny Scots. A published letter from the injured firm would have called forth a prompt retraction from such a journal as the *Athenæum*; and we fancy that Messrs. Johnston's enemies would have been fewer, and the public feeling toward their atlas better, had such a course been followed.

"ANGELA PISANI," a novel, by the late Hon. George Smythe, Viscount Strangford, has just been published in England, several years after the death of the author, who was a celebrity thirty years ago; who stood as a model for Disraeli's "Harry Coningsby;" who, full of promise and profession, just failed

being a leading politician, and almost succeeded in becoming a great orator. This novel was left in a somewhat incomplete state by the author; the outlines and main incidents and scenes had been written, but with certain little gaps here and there unsupplied, which could easily be filled up by the imagination of the reader, but which the editor has supplied by connecting passages. It is wholly of the romantic and sombre type of novel. "The hero and heroine talk in bursts of eloquence," says the London *News*. "The superb beauties, each more gorgeous than the other, the splendors of more than Oriental luxury, the prodigies of cold, sardonic vice, of glowing, passionate vice, of revengeful, implacable vice; the revels, the orgies, the dresses, the salons, the battles, the murders, and the sudden deaths, which pass before the reader's eyes, would probably sweep him breathless away from emotion to emotion if the descriptions were not so transcendently eloquent and full of words that his emotions have always time to grow cold." Misery is the prevailing tone of the book; every thing goes wrong with everybody; virtue suffers fearful anguish; and even vice, though triumphant, is triumphant in ways opposed to its desires. . . . A new periodical, of a novel character, has just been started at Leignitz, Germany, its object being to give authors an opportunity of answering adverse criticisms and of criticising their critics. But, unfortunately for injured but impetuous authors, their retorts must be paid for by the writers. This will be apt to put a check on the irate combativeness of the *genus irritabile*, who otherwise would give us some rare exhibitions of the art of impaling a critic. . . . Mr. Carlyle has a paper in the last *Fraser* on the portraits of John Knox, but which is really a condensed biography of the Scottish reformer, whom Carlyle calls a "Hebrew prophet with the deep devoutness of the Hebrew, and also with much of his inner sternness and capacity of hate for all he deemed offensive to the Lord." . . . A volume, by Paul Hayne, entitled "Mountain of Lovers, with Poems of 'Nature and Tradition,'" will shortly be issued in handsome style by Messrs. Hall & Son. This work, besides several elaborate legendary tales, will contain a series of pictures of Southern scenery, portraying certain regions at the South never before described with minuteness by a Southern poet. . . . Mr. Charles Dawson Shanly, well known as a contributor to the magazines and journals, died recently in Florida, whither he had gone for his health. Mr. Shanly was a charming essayist, and a powerful versifier, as the *JOURNAL* has frequently borne witness. He was a man of kindly disposition, a good conversationalist, and was among the last of the Bohemians that a few years since filled so notably a space in our literary horizon. Mr. Shanly was editor of *Punchinello*, and identified with other of our comic journals. . . . Among books in preparation in England are "Notes of a Journey in the Russian Provinces of Central Asia and the Khanates of Bokhara and Kokand," by E. Schuyler; "Hand-Book to the Art-Galleries, Public and Private, of Belgium and Holland," by Lord Ronald Gower; "Summer Days in Auvergne," by H. de K.; "My Private Diary during the Siege of Paris," by the late Felix Whitehurst, the author of that interesting volume, "Court and Social Life in France under Napoleon III.;" "The Unseen Universe, or Physical Speculations on Immortality;" "The North Star and the Southern Cross, being the Personal Experiences, Impressions, and Observations of Margaretha Weppner in a Journey round the World," and "Remains of

Lost Empires;" "Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra," etc. As for novels, of course a half-dozen or so new ones are announced, including one by Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone." Its title is "Alice Lorraine." A three-volume edition of Mr. William Black's "Three Feathers" is also in the press, likewise those essays by Carlyle on the "Early Kings of Norway" which have attracted so much attention in *Fraser's Magazine*. There will shortly appear, also, some more "Society" verses by J. Ashby Sterry; a "Pali Dictionary," by the Right Hon. Mr. Childers, M.P.; a "Memoir of the Life of William J. Muller," the artist, by N. Neal Solly; and, lastly, a work on "American Aspects," by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. If this book is made up of his letters to the English papers during his recent visit here, American readers will feel any thing but flattered. In these, the author of "Spiritual Wives" goes in for word-painting without much regard for the facts.

The Arts.

THE former exhibitions of the Academy of Design have been divided very positively into two classes of subjects—portraits and landscapes. The latter, indeed, have usually been regarded as the strong point of American artists, and to them, more than to any other pictures, American art owes what consideration it has gained in other countries.

The present collection, unlike its predecessors, is largely composed of *genre* paintings, compositions in which groups of people figure largely, representing little scenes of country and family life; and the accessories which make up the story of these pictures are as important as the people in them.

While the number of these paintings is unprecedentedly large, the landscapes by no means occupy their old position. In many of them groups of people or of animals compete very positively for the chief interest, so that the landscapes proper make but a small proportion of the entire collection. The place of honor in the south room is filled by a "Trout-Brook in the Catskills," by Mr. Whittredge—a quiet woodland reach, where birches with white stems and quivering leaves interlace above the still pool of a brook. Level lines of sunlight pierce through the flickering foliage, and one broad band of it slants across the water, and is so natural a lighting up of its amber hue that the spectator has to carefully study it before he can determine whether this pleasing effect is due to a real ray that has straggled in through the window of the gallery or to the painter's skill.

Wandering among the mountain-forests of the Northeastern States, the hunter or the excursionist constantly falls in with these characteristic and charming bits of scenery. He finds, even in the course of mountain-torrents, little pools with water clear as crystal, which yet colors with the faintest hue of amber the stones, mosses, and fishes, in its depths. The cool recesses of these pools are the favorite haunts of the trout. And there are few things which the American traveler in Europe misses more than clear and pure

streams like those of his native land. Even the historical associations of the Tiber, the Arno, the Rhine, and the Thames, cannot reconcile him to the muddy hue of their waters.

We have had occasion before to speak of the moral effect of these poetical pictures, and it appears to us that there is hardly a mood of Nature more sweet, more pure, and more worthy the pencil of the artist, than such as this which Mr. Whittredge has so appreciatively portrayed. The fragrance and smack of the woods is in it, and aromatic odors which conceal no breath of poison seem to linger in the soft haze into which the sunlight infiltrates so warmly.

"The Overland Train, Green River, Utah," by Thomas Moran, is in the front rank among the landscapes. Painted on a canvas forty inches long or thereabouts, the first impression it produces is of great richness of color. A broad stream, shrunk by the heats of summer, shows its bed laid bare in white, rocky strips. Beyond this river there rise fragmentary cliffs scored by wind and frost, and absolutely destitute of vegetation. To the base of these cliffs crowds the dry, white sand, arid as that of a desert; and blue, dry sky, crossed and wrinkled with wreaths of cloud full of wind, but which show no token of damp, and form a fit complement to the parched earth and the bleak cliffs.

Such are the natural features of this landscape, and over it is spread a palette of the richest dyes. The cliffs are modeled with consummate detail, and over their face, finely drawn as a photograph, the low sun has painted them in every hue, from the softest cream-color to the richest orange. The markings of the shadows on the rock combine with these colors by the purest blue—a blue to which every suggestion of moisture is foreign in a sharp and clear atmosphere. Slight shades are thrown upon some portions of these hills by the wind-clouds, and serve to heighten the dry desolation of the picture. Here and there, scattered about, are a few trees, whose roots touch the bed of the river—trees which grew in spring and fall—which the stream, swollen to a winter-torrent, has bent and partly uprooted, and which this summer-heat is shriveling of their foliage.

The dyes of the hills and of the clouds are multiplied in the water, which creeps slowly along, rippled only by the feet of a band of horses, whose riders are fording the stream. As a palette of color, this picture suggests the works of Samuel Coleman, but, in the Utah landscape, color and tone have a meaning and language of weather and of climate, such as is seldom equaled; and the drawing, too, has a precision and force which, if the picture had no color at all, would still give it fullness and brilliancy. The variety of the cloud-forms, and their effects in the quiet river, make the spectator think of Turner, so changeable are they in kind and in theme; but it is Turner in his best days, not lurid, and with the lineaments of his landscape blurred and fantastic.

We do not know the history of Mr. Moran's pictures, whether he works always directly from Nature or somewhat from photographs, but, whatever it may be, we are sure

that he has an accurate feeling for a true key of color—a key which is not broken by false tints or exaggeration of effects. He has a remarkably extensive range of tints, that fit into one another harmoniously, and the patience and care he shows in his drawing are not second to his coloring. Many artists who paint well have a good variety of grays, or browns, or greens, and all their hues partake of this prevailing color; but Moran's landscape sweeps out of this special and limited range, and he makes pure colors, red, and blue, and yellow, fit into each other through the excellence and variety of the combining shades, and they give one an impression much like the effect of stirring music in a major key.

Charles H. Miller exhibits a large gray landscape, "High Bridge from Harlem Lane." The aims of an artist should be taken into account, and the success with which he has compassed them makes his pictures good or bad. Mr. Miller's imagination has evidently long been impressed by the haze and vapor of Dutch landscapes, and by the sea-mists as he has studied them here on our own coast. Great billows of sea-fog, which the east wind drives in from the ocean, catch around the hills or cling to the lowlands of Staten Island and Long Island, and follow the winding water-courses around Harlem—serpentine lines of sea-water which come and go with the tide. But these sea-mists are dissipated fifty miles inland, and we find them no more. Mr. Miller's pictures are painted with the fresh greens that abound in a moist atmosphere, and water-willows and tall reed-grass bathed in sea-mist catch sunbeams which slant down pale and white through broken, vapory clouds. In the picture of "High Bridge," Mr. Miller has seized on the picturesque aspect in which it is capable of being viewed, and, by breaking the long line of tall arches by sunshine and shadow, and by rendering it strong where it is nearest, and gray in the distance, he has made it eminently agreeable and as delicate and beautiful as a Dutch painting. Mr. Miller's drawing is also very careful and expressive; he renders his tree-forms by masses and with characteristic light and shade, and often gets the sentiment as well as the manner of Corot, but with it he combines the most careful delineation of each minute object upon his canvas.

Another very charming landscape is called "A Midsummer Retreat," by A. H. Wyant. Mr. Wyant's pictures are in the same line of thought with Whittredge's and Kensett's, and his rocks remind the spectator, covered as they are with moss and flecked with light and shade from the trees above them, of the summer landscapes of A. B. Durand.

Mr. Bristol exhibits a sunny landscape, a view in the Housatonic Valley. Begirt with hills on every side, the long lines of the valley stretch away many miles in front of the spectator. Rows of trees and occasional groups of dwellings catch the eye, and a hot July wind has broken the clouds into small masses, and sent them chasing in sunshine and shadow over the valley. The winds bend back the leaves on the trees, and the warm, hazy blue of summer rests on the distant hills.

Mr. Inness has a large and very beautiful painting of Perugia, in Italy. Far up in the Apennines, this little city is built on and around a very high hill. Winding roads lead round the mountain-sides, and the traveler has often many a weary slant to turn before he reaches some point that hangs apparently only a stone's-throw above him. These hills, which rise frequently abruptly from the valleys, are very numerous, and in summer apparently have great effect upon the clouds which, sailing over the Peninsula of Italy from the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, meet and mingle at this half-way point. It is these clouds which affect the landscape more than we ever saw it changed in any other place. A dark-blue billow will sweep across the valley of the Tiber, and, drifting against some hillside, conceal it and its neighborhood in shadow and gloom. At the same time that a storm is going on at one point, between the rain-drops far off across the country, some distant village or convent that crowns a hill-top may be shining with the effulgence of silver. It is one of these effects that Mr. Inness has depicted. A white cloud, the rear-guard of the storm, edges a patch of pure blue sky, from which the sunlight falls on the white walls of a convent that crowns the hill. Gray olive-trees and cypresses below the convent are still shaded by the gloomy storm-cloud, and a winding road leads up the escarpment of the hill. At the side of this road, beside old fountains, women are washing clothes in the stone basins into which the waters flow. It appeared to us that perhaps there is hardly variety enough in the near forms of this picture, and that more detail in them would have given additional impressiveness to the simple, large features of the landscape. However, the painting is a true representation of this region of Italy, and the imposing effect of these cities set upon the hills finds a most poetic rendering through Inness's brush.

In addition to these landscapes, there is one by Charles E. Dubois, and another by W. S. Macy, both of which are admirable. The latter picture has made a good deal of impression on the visitors to the Academy from its crisp brilliancy of touch. The subject is very simple. A still stream of shallow water flows beside a low bank, on which a few trees are growing. Knots of turf and gray stones project above the steel-like surface of the water, and gray clouds charged with sunlight throw fitful gleams across the landscape. Mr. Dubois's painting is more positive; a French rendering of an American scene, his drawing is strong and sharp, and a brilliant but somewhat hard light rests upon trees clothed with the freshness of June.

On Mr. Arthur Parton's "Mountain Brook" we have looked with much pleasure. A cheerful, sunny picture of the interior of the woods, every sort of underbrush is lovingly and faithfully portrayed from his hand. Blackberry-branches, twigs of birches, and all the varied growth of our Northern forests, each stands up fully portrayed, and as lively, as individual, and as distinct withal as a party of girls in a parlor, the work of a real lover of Nature. Such pictures have a sort of human personal-

ly, from the vigor of one form, the grace of another, and the modest, retiring charm of a third.

On Mr. James Hart's landscapes we always look with great satisfaction. He invariably paints exceedingly well. "A Summer Day on the Bouquet River" is one of his best, and, though there is a certain conventionality in the drawing of his trees, the vertical lines of whose pendant branches seem to us a little monotonous in touch, the water, the soft meadows, and distance, and the cattle feeding so quietly, form a sweet country idyl. The trees are admirable, with the exception of this one peculiarity, and their great strong trunks and rich foliage add only beauty to this picture.

There is one queer little sketch of Coney Island, by Falconer, that is the most unpretending thing possible, but yet impressed us by its subdued rich tones of purple and gray, by the suggestiveness of the forms of the ragged sea-sand, and by the windy, cold sky, absolutely without sunshine above the landscape. Like a picture we remember of Whistler's, a few years ago, in the Academy, this one was more an impression of a phase of feeling than a literal rendering of Nature. With its bit of sea, only an indication of the ocean; with its slight touches of green to mark the juniper or cedars that barely hold on to existence in these barren sand-heaps, the picture is yet imaginative; and far more important paintings do not displace it from our memory.

The cozy rooms of the Boston Art-Club were thrown open on the evening of April 14th for the spring exhibition of pictures. They were contributed partly by Boston artists, and partly from the private collection of citizens. The display was one of general merit, including recent products of a number of eminent artists, local and foreign. There were characteristic landscapes of Corot, De Cock, Bellows, and Inness; portraits by Healy, Ames, Mdlle. Jacquemart, and the very promising young Cincinnati artist, Frank Duveneck; an Italian contribution—"Sunset at Genoa"—by George L. Brown; several "Venices," one painfully hard and prosaic, by Colman, and one very gorgeous in its array of colors, by Ziem; a fine group, life-size, by Bouguereau; a skillfully-done Dutch sea-side scene, by Kaemmerer; and a number of pictures by rising Boston artists, among them Ernest Longfellow and Deblois. No pictures of Hunt appeared; but there was one by Champney. Only less interesting than the oil-pieces were the water-colors and crayons, of which there were a number of dainty specimens. The exhibition is to remain open three weeks. It affords ample evidence of the good progress of art in Boston despite times which are more than usually depressing to those who pursue the ornament-providing avocations. The fever of Turner-esque imitations has not gone by, but is perhaps on the wane; and there is evidence that the modern "originals" of the French school are having an influence on the efforts of Boston artists. The Art-Club exhibition is, however, unusually various in style, subject, treatment, and fancy;

and conservative art is as fully represented as the art which, to apply a rather arbitrary political term, may be called "radical."

"It is strange," says the *Academy*, "that the rich material that lies ready to the eyes and hands of artists in our great modern iron-works has not been more often seized upon for the making of pictures. Every one who has seen the processes of smelting and forging iron cannot fail to have been struck with the many picturesque effects that they yield—effects such as Rembrandt delighted in—of glowing light in surrounding darkness, of mystic beams and strange shadows casting a spell of beauty upon the most commonplace objects. A painting by our rarely-seen native painter, Wright, of Derby, was exhibited two or three years ago at the Old Masters Exhibition at the Royal Academy, which represented the forging of a piece of iron with considerable skill and very fine effect; but, excepting this, we do not remember to have seen any work by an English artist dealing with this subject. A German artist, however, has recently recognized its capabilities. In a great picture, called the 'Cyclops's Workshop,' Adolf Menzel has represented the interior of a large iron-foundry, with its giant steam-hammer, its blast and puddling furnaces, and its huge cylinders that roll out glowing masses of iron of many hundred-weight as if they were soft paste. One of these glowing masses forms the centre around which the interest of Menzel's picture moves. It has passed through the first rollers, and is being taken up with great tongs by the foremost workmen in order to be passed on to the second, a proceeding that involves a prodigious exertion of strength. Other workmen are employed in different processes; some direct the machinery; one in the foreground wheels away a newly-forged cylinder on a barrow; others are undergoing a very necessary process of purification and shirt-changing; while others again are seen in a group in the dark background already beginning their mid-day meal. In the background of all is dimly visible the iron-and-steam monster that supplies the motive force for all this wonderful work. It will be acknowledged that here are splendid materials for a picture, only it wants a Rembrandt at least to deal with them. Herr Menzel is not a Rembrandt, but, according to the *Berlin Post*, from which this description of his picture is taken, he has produced a powerful realistic work. He has worked for three years, it is said, on this one picture." These comments will recall to American readers Mr. Wier's picture of "Forging the Shaft," which made its mark at the Academy several years ago.

A LARGE engraving of Raphael's "Madonna di Tempi," of the Munich Gallery, has been executed by the German engraver J. L. Raab, which is said to excel all previous attempts to reproduce this subject on steel. . . . An enormous mosaic, executed by Salviatti at Venice, for the base of the new monument of Victory, at Berlin, is spoken of with enthusiastic terms. It is divided into four principal groups. The first represents the provocation of France against Germany, and the surprise of the German people engaged in all kinds of peaceful pursuits at the outbreak of the war; in the second, we see the Germans preparing for the war, and here Prince Frederick Charles is the central figure; in the third, the rapid alliance concluded between the various German nations is represented; and, in the fourth, the creation of the new German Empire. . . . William Keith, of San Francisco, is engaged

upon a picture representing a scene near the head-waters of the Merced, with the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras in the distance. . . . Mr. John Forbes Robertson, associated with Mr. S. C. Hall as editor of the *London Art Journal*, has in preparation a popular history of art for the last four hundred years. . . . The Faculty of Harvard College propose the establishment of one or two more courses in art—a higher course in the history of art, and a higher course in the principles of drawing. . . . Valentine, the Richmond sculptor, has completed in marble his monumental figure of General Lee. The attitude is a recumbent one. The figure is represented dressed in the Confederate uniform, lying in calm, half-sleeping repose. The likeness is remarkably good. . . . The May number of *THE ART JOURNAL* will give an engraving of the testimonial vase to Mr. Bryant, and also of the four other designs submitted to the committee—affording altogether an admirable group, illustrating, in an effective manner, the skill of our artists in design.

Music and the Drama.

TWO years ago, without much parade or preliminary heralding, a musical festival was held at the leading city in the valley of the Ohio. The matter has been carefully considered and wrought out, if it had not been much talked about. Choral societies had been thoroughly drilled, and the spirit of earnest work infused into all those who came to take part. The country had been made somewhat chary of musical festivals on a large scale. Giltmore's monster jubilees at Boston, though successful after a fashion, and the occasions of a great deal of noisy excitement, on the whole were disappointing in the finer musical sense. With all their pomp and glitter of surroundings, and the manifold attractions sought to be furnished, it was felt that they were full of commonplace and inert elements; that the solid results reached were hardly worth the amount of money and energy expended. It was natural, then, that the modest announcement of the first Cincinnati festival should have been greeted with a little quiet incredulity by thinking musical people, even when Mr. Thomas was known to be at the head of it. The event wrought a speedy change in opinion. The festival passed by, and was recognized, with astonishment and pleasure, as perhaps the most noticeable musical event which had ever taken place in America. The genuineness of the work done, the beauty and finish of every feature, placed it on a footing with the great musical reunions so common in England, but unfortunately so uncommon in America.

Anticipation is therefore justified in expecting from the May festival of this year, which has been organized on a still larger scale of completeness, results of the most satisfactory kind. Mr. Thomas has always shown himself severe and lofty in his ideals, and most conscientious in his care of detail. The enthusiasm with which he has lent himself and his great orchestra to the Cincinnati project is a guarantee of the faith he has in the material he has been able to bring together. For it is but just to say that every thing has

been placed in his hands, and he alone will be responsible for success or failure.

As a consequence of the first festival, many new singing societies were formed, and old ones were reorganized on a more efficient working basis. There is every reason, then, with the additional drill and experience of two years, why the choral feature of the concerts, so effective on a former occasion, should reach a degree of perfection beyond any thing hitherto known among us. The orchestra will be augmented by Mr. Thomas to one hundred and one instruments, and it is not difficult to prophesy what it will accomplish under his masterly handling. The soloists will be Mrs. H. M. Smith and Miss Abbie Whinnery, sopranos; Misses Annie Louise Cary and Emma Cranch, contraltos; Messrs. William J. Winch and Alexander H. Bischoff, tenors; and Messrs. M. W. Whitney and Franz Remmert, basses. All these are artists of recognized worth. Most of these have frequently sung in connection with the Thomas concerts, and the names of Miss Cary and Mr. Whitney have more than a national reputation. The chorus will number about fifteen hundred voices.

It hardly comes within our purpose to speak of these artists with much detail. They are too well known through the country to need any fresh introduction. In fact, their selection for the duties assigned them would be sufficient testimonial. We cannot either enter into any list of the works to be interpreted. These have been announced by the daily journals. It is enough to say that the catalogue embraces the most classic masterpieces alike for the orchestra and chorus, and the choicer productions of the new school. The larger part of the opera of "Lohengrin," for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra; specimens from the "Nibelungen-Ring" and the "Meistersinger von Nürnberg," will be given. Mr. Thomas is a disciple of the "music of the future," and it is no exaggeration to assert that never, even in Germany, will the new school of music have been so magnificently illustrated; for many of the Wagner selections on the programme have never yet been done with full orchestra and chorus in the country of the illustrious composer. Among other great masterpieces will be Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" (Ninth).

The effects of these festivals, which it is to be hoped will not always be confined to Cincinnati, on American music cannot fail to be of the most serious and searching nature. The education of a vast body of singers in the greatest works is of itself a most important fact. But beyond this is the influence exerted in the training of public taste. This has already been largely accomplished in the matter of orchestral music. There is much to be done in the field of appreciation where singing is concerned, especially in choral singing. One such festival will accomplish more for this than scores of minor attempts, such as we are accustomed to hear in average oratorio performances, be they never so well done. The variety and difficulty of the works to be rendered, many of which are rarely attempted, exact a precision and finish which necessarily have compelled very careful prepa-

ration on the part of the singers. We trust that New York before many years will be the scene of such a festival gotten up on a commensurate scale; not such a jubilee as Boston was favored with, but one built up on the same solid and sincere purpose, and planned on a still more extensive scale than that which is about to bestow such musical laurels on Cincinnati. Almost every year London, Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool, are the theatres of noble festivals of music, which concentrate the best choral and orchestral talent in the land. There is no cause why they should not be repeated in America in more than one city, except the inertia of a beginning.

LATE London journals give a description of a novel form of drama recently produced at the Royalty Theatre in the shape of a cantata, the words by Mr. Gilbert, the music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and the subject a trial in the Court of the Exchequer. Mr. Gilbert has already been the author of many pieces marked by a charming originality and freshness. His ingenuity seems far from exhausted, though collaboration with Mr. Sullivan is responsible in the present case for much of the peculiar success of the effort. Musical dramas in the shape of idyls and burlesques have been by no means uncommon on the English stage for a century and a half. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, however, have struck into a new field—that of a legitimate musical satire.

The story of the play is that of a suit for breach of promise of marriage, always a ridiculous matter in itself, but under such treatment it may be fancied as broadening into the intensely comic. Mr. Gilbert has shown himself a master in the art of making witty verses, and Mr. Sullivan is no less known for his command over the humorous capacities of music. So the pair have constructed a musical farce which, it is prophesied, will be a great popular hit. There is a chorus of jurymen, all of whom are very funny over the situation. The judge has a solo, and is so smitten with the charms of the prosecutrix that he gives her a seat by his side on the bench, and finally determines to marry her himself. The defendant and the counsel also have their appropriate share of both the singing and the fun. The dialogue of the piece is said to be very bright and witty, and the music diverting and a little after the Offenbachian style. The whole idea is novel and entertaining, and suggests new possibilities in the drama, which may lead to even more pleasing results.

SINCE Froebel founded his great system of Kindergarten schools, which have of late taken such a strong hold on the public interest, more and more attention has been paid to the education of children, and the conditions on which such education should be based. We get glimpses of this from time to time even in the art of music. Haydn, known as "Papa Haydn," from his gentle, loving nature, wrote a "Kinder" symphony for children, for the use of toy instruments. This charming little work, how-

ever, is but little known except to antiquarians.

A recent work by C. von Holten, of the same nature, was given a few weeks since at the Grand Conservatory of Music in this city, so bright, fresh, and clever, as to deserve a few words of passing comment. The symphony is artistically constructed, and wrought out in four movements. A variety of melodious themes are treated in it with not a little skill and ingenuity, and it is almost a matter of marvel how the composer succeeds in getting his effects through the medium of toy-whistles and trumpets. The background of the music, so to speak, is given by piano, violin, and violoncello, but all the peculiar variety and charm come of the use of the toys, which, as a general thing, make such excruciating noises. The whole effect of the symphony, as given by the pupils of the Conservatory, was so pleasing that it ought to be repeated under conditions which would insure a larger attendance.

THE pleasant rumor that Mr. Carl Rosa was coming to America to head an English opera company for the coming season seems to be without foundation. Mr. Rosa has engagements for the English provinces during the summer, and in the autumn, it is announced, he will give a lengthy season at the Princess's Theatre, London. Mr. Santley is among the artists engaged. . . . The necrology of last month among musicians includes the death of the celebrated violinist Dr. Ferdinand Laub. The certainty of his execution, the firmness of his tone, and the beauty of intonation, placed him among the very first rank of players. During his latter years he was a resident of Russia, and a professor in the Moscow Conservatory. He had gone the circle of the musical capitals of Europe with the most brilliant success, though we believe he was never heard in America. . . . A new oratorio, by M. Saint-Saëns, a distinguished French composer, entitled "Samson," has been a failure in Paris. The composer seems to have been entirely dominated by the Wagnerian theory, and to have made the vocal parts subsidiary to the instrumental. The style, as a French critic writes, "*n'est pas très-accueillie aux masses*," a fault which the enemies of the Wagner school always find as a *dernier resort*. . . . A recent cantata by M. Gounod, "*Jésus sur le Lac de Tibériade*," seems to be of a different and far more acceptable school. The theme is treated devotionally yet melodiously; the instrumentation of the Mozartian type, tender, flowing, and descriptive. The two foregoing new works were the principal musical features of holy week in Paris. . . . The recent Wagner-Liszt concerts at Vienna, where fragments of the music of the "Nibelungen-Ring" were given, have created a deal of enthusiasm and emulation throughout Germany. Requests are flowing in on the composer from every direction for permission to render the music. Public opinion is being raised to fever-heat in preparation for the Baireuth festival. . . . Among the recent public benefactors is an Italian professor. He has invented a "practice" violin, whereby students of the instrument may devote themselves to their work without becoming common nuisances. He has only now to extend his ingenuity to the piano to deserve the lasting admiration of suffering humanity! . . . MM. Stoumon and Calabresi, managers of the Monnaie, Brussels, have placed their theatre at the service of French com-

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posers for the production of untried operas. Thereupon the *Ministère*, of Paris, suggests the establishment of a lyric theatre for the especial benefit of *débutantes*. The question arises, "Who's to pay the piper?" . . . The London *Musical World* says of Salvini's first appearance at Drury Lane in the character of *Othello*: "No such dramatic embodiment of Shakespeare's magnificent creation has been witnessed in our time." . . . Mr. Hollingshead, the "London manager," who has been writing pungent letters on the abuse of the exercise of governmental control over amusements to the London *Telegraph*, puts the matter with force: "We have checked arbitrary power in this country at the expense of much blood and treasure, and there is no reason why it should hold on to existence in the person of a lord-chamberlain." . . . Mélingue, the famous Boulevard actor of melodrama, recently died, in his sixty-third year. He commenced life as a sculptor, afterward became a miniature-painter, and finally an actor. His successes were principally identified with the Porte St.-Martin Théâtre. Mélingue and Frédéric Lemaitre were considered the two greatest actors in romantic drama on the French stage. . . . The Comédie Française has put an end to the starring system among its members by reviving an old article of its code. This will limit the wanderings of the more celebrated artists, and make them stay at home and share the work with their comrades. . . . The *Athenaeum* sums up the leading objections to the new play of "Rose Michel" in a few significant words. It is spoken of as "too French in sentiment to prove thoroughly sympathetic or comprehensible to an English-speaking audience. Desire to provide her daughter with a *trousseau* will not justify a woman, according to English ideas, in robbing her husband; nor is a man likely to inspire a large measure of interest who seeks to obtain possession of a married woman by purchasing her husband's abandonment of his claims." . . . Salvini is the great theatrical attraction in London. The play-going world waxes enthusiastic over him; the London actors also sing high in his praise. Just now, indeed, they are signing a requisition asking him to give morning performances, in order that they may have an opportunity of studying his performance. . . . "Bound the World in Eighty Days" has proved a great success at the Princess's, while, at the Adelphi, Mr. Halliday's admirable adaptation of "Nicholas Nickleby" still runs merrily, as does "Les Prés Saint-Gervais," at the Criterion. . . . Mr. James Alberry, author of "Two Roses," has written for the Olympic, London, a five-act comedy, the scene being laid a hundred years ago.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

April 6, 1875.

THE events of the day continue to be of a funeral nature, the obsequies of Edgar Quinet, the well-known republican, and author of two remarkable works—the "Creation" and "L'Esprit Nouveau"—and the death of Mélingue, the celebrated romantic actor, being the two most noteworthy occurrences of the past week. The funeral of M. Quinet, in accordance with republican customs in France, was conducted "civilly"—that is to say, without aid of clergy, the most intimate or most eloquent among the friends of

the deceased on such occasions being called upon to pronounce discourses above the grave. In this last instance the persons who were selected to perform this solemn duty were Victor Hugo, Laboulaye, Gambetta, and M. Henri Brisson. The discourse of Victor Hugo came first, and, though brief, was marked by all that peculiar fervor and originality which make his slightest utterances so impressive and so interesting. After paying a warm compliment to the talents of M. Quinet as a writer, Hugo continued as follows:

"It is not enough to create a work, it must be proved. The work is done by the writer, the proof must be executed by the man. The proof of a work is accepted suffering.

"Quinet has had the honor of being exiled, and the greatness of loving exile. That anguish was welcome to him. To be vexatious to a tyrant is pleasing to proud souls. There is an election in proscription. To be proscribed is to be chosen by crime to represent the right. Crime is learned in virtue; the proscribed is the elect of the accursed. It seems as though the accursed says to him, 'Be thou my opposite.' Hence a function.

"Quinet superbly filled this function. He has dwelt worthily in that tragic shadow of exile wherein Louis Blanc radiated and Barbès died.

"Pity not these men; they have done their duty. To be France outside of France; to be vanquished, and yet conquer; to suffer for those who believe themselves prosperous; to fecundate the insulted and healthful solitude of the proscribed; to beneficially endure the pangs of homesickness; to have a wound that may be offered to the fatherland; to adore one's crushed and diminished country; to have in her as much more pride as the foreigner would fain have contempt; to represent erect that which is fallen, honor, justice, law, and right—yes, that is sweet and holy, that is the great duty, and, to him who fulfills it, what matters suffering, isolation, desertion! With what joy, to serve one's country after this austere fashion, one accepts during twenty years, during a whole lifetime, the severe confrontation of the mountains, or the sinister vision of the sea!

"Farewell, Quinet! Thou hast been useful and great. 'Tis well, and thy life has been good. Enter into all memories, O venerable shade! Be loved by the people whom thou hast loved. Farewell!"

The crowd that followed the hearse to the cemetery was immense, and the throng that pressed around the carriage of Victor Hugo was so great that it was only by dint of the exertions of some half a dozen strong-armed friends that the veteran poet was enabled to approach the grave. His discourse was frequently interrupted by deep murmurs of approbation, by cries of "Vive Victor Hugo!" "Vive la République!" and by the universal stir and thrill that indicate the emotion of a multitude.

With Mélingue the last tradition of the great melodramatic theatres of the Boulevard disappears. He was sixty-seven years of age, and was the friend of the elder Dumas, and the favorite interpreter of his dramatic works. He was originally intended for an artist, and studied both painting and sculpture; but his vocation was decidedly for a theatrical career, a taste which an incident of his early life had probably confirmed. When a boy, he once chanced to penetrate behind the scenes of the Comédie Française during a day-rehearsal, and, hidden in an obscure corner, hearkened with delight to the tirades of the performers.

Suddenly a strong hand fell upon his shoulder, and a full, deep voice said:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am looking on, sir," answered the poor child, trembling from head to foot.

"Do you find it interesting?"

"Oh, yes, sir; very interesting."

"Then you would like to be an actor?"

"Oh, wouldn't I like it!"

"Then fall upon your knees."

"What for?"

"Down on your knees, I tell you!"

The astonished child did as he was bid. A few drops of lamp-oil from one of the side-lamps were sprinkled on his brow, and, half serious, half laughing, the unknown cried:

"I, Talma, baptize thee actor. Thou shalt become celebrated, or thou shalt tell me why!"

The first appearance of Mélingue was made as *Buridan* in "La Tour de Nesle," by Alexandre Dumas. He afterward created the heroes of some twenty dramas drawn from the novels of the indefatigable romancer, and he was the original *Lagarde* in "The Duke's Motto" when that play, under the title of "Le Bossu," was first produced on the French stage. His artistic studies often did him good service in his new vocation. In the play of "Salvator Rosa" he sketched a picture in sight of the audience. But his greatest triumph in that line took place in the drama of "Benvenuto Cellini," wherein one of the incidents involved the modeling in clay of a statuette during the progress of the scene. This task, fulfilled with great quickness and readiness by the accomplished actor, formed the great sensation of the piece. One night, while he was in the midst of his work, a rough-looking fellow in the pit cried out, "I see how it is done; there is a figure hidden in that lump of clay!" With a gesture of scorn Mélingue dashed the half-finished statuette on the table, and then, picking up the fragments, he shaped the head into an arm, and the arm into the head, amid the frantic applause of the audience. Truth, however, compels me to state that the incredulous scoffer was a paid confederate of the management, the little scene having been gotten up to demonstrate still further the artistic gifts and the readiness of hand of the actor. When the Empress Eugénie went to see the drama in question, she caused Mélingue to be summoned to her box after the studio-scene, and she minutely inspected the rough image she had just seen moulded, finally expressing a wish to possess it. But Mélingue would not consent to let her take it in its unfinished state. He took it home, smoothed it, and finished it off, and then forwarded it to his gracious and graceful sovereign, who returned him a charming note of thanks.

Mélingue married, when quite young, an actress of some celebrity in her day, named Théodora. The union was a happy one, and the pair were remarked for their mutual affection and domestic virtues. His death was caused by a malady from which he had suffered for some years, and which had been produced in a rather singular manner. It appears that, during his theatrical career, he was in the habit of painting his face with oil-colors, finding that, from his skill in using the brush, he could make up his face better, and produce greater effects, than by the use of the ordinary cosmetics. But, these colors being prepared with lead, the poison penetrated the pores of his skin, and finally caused the disease which has at last proved fatal.

"Thérèse," the long-announced and eagerly-expected novel of Alexandre Dumas, has

turned out something of a disappointment. It is not a novel at all, being a collection of short stories; nor is it exactly new, as these stories are the early efforts of the great dramatist's talents, sought out and disinterred from the mass of those contemporary periodicals which were willing to open their pages to the efforts of the young and unknown author years ago. Some of these stories are very graceful and charming, but the tale of "Thérèse," which is the only actual novelty in the book, having been written by Dumas expressly for this collection, is extremely indelicate with the cold-blooded immorality so characteristic of the gifted but highly immoral writer. If Mephistopheles were to turn author, methinks he would write novels, plays, and prefaces, exactly like those of Alexandre Dumas. Of course, the work is an interesting one for those who find pleasure in tracing the progress of a celebrated writer from the commencement of his career up to its splendid culmination. As Dumas says, in his preface, these stories belong to the period when he was proud to see his name in print. From that point to the *faut-euil* of an Academician and a high place among the dramatists of the Comédie Française is a step, indeed.

There has been trouble this season among the directors of the *Salon*. The angry feelings excited by the Prix du Salon last year among the rival and hostile factions have not yet subsided. Then, for some reason or other, Vibert has been put out of the post on the hanging committee, which he has occupied for years. The jury for the *Salon* has already been chosen, and the names made public. Some of the members thereof consider the appointment as a merely honorary one, and virtually decline to serve. Such is the case with Meissonier, who has started off on a journey, leaving the pictures and the painters to take care of themselves. The scene on the reception-days at the Palais d'Industrie was said to be a very curious one. The crowd gathered around the doors to see the pictures carried in, and applauded or hooted as the works of art pleased their taste or the reverse. Sometimes a favorite among the artists would be recognized superintending the transmission of his work, and would be greeted with loud cheers. As nearly all the artists are stanch republicans, their affinities with the masses can be readily understood.

After months of preparation and weeks of postponement, "Hamlet" has at last been produced at the Grand Opéra. Madame Carvalho achieved a perfect triumph in the rôle of *Ophelia*, being unanimously pronounced only second to Nilsson in both vocalization and acting. The two *Ophelias* who immediately preceded her in the character had failed to make any favorable impression on the Parisian public. Mademoiselle Sessi, with "her voice of silver and looks of gold," as one critic poetically describes her, was too fragile, too delicate, and too inexperienced, for the part. She had, moreover, the disadvantage of succeeding immediately to Nilsson. Fides Devries, a blond Hollandaise (my pen in this æsthetic connection refuses to call her a Dutch-woman), came next; she was a fair, placid-looking girl with a noble and well-trained voice, but possessing not one spark of genius to animate her singing or to give *ensemble* to her acting. She married M. Adler, a dentist, last year, and quitted the stage, happy to exchange the artist-life, for which she had no love and no vocation, for the tranquil joys of domestic existence. Madame Carvalho's perfect method and thoroughly artistic nature compensate for the lack of freshness in her

still lovely voice, as the sweet and womanly character of her beauty enables one to overlook the fact that the new *Ophelia* is on the shady side of forty. Madame Gueymard, who personated the queen, is decidedly one of the "has-beens" of the opera—her once fine voice having gone to that mythical land which is celebrated for its twining woodbine. On Faure's shoulders, as usual, rested all the weight of the masculine portion of the performance. His singing left nothing to be desired, while his acting showed that he had studied the character from Shakespeare himself. It is said that he took lessons from Fechter before he undertook the part, and there is a story current how, on the night of the first representation, Fechter came all the way from London to superintend the arrangement of *Hamlet's* hair, wishing to give to Faure's locks that peculiar and characteristic air of picturesque wildness with which we are familiar in the coiffure of the great Anglo-French actor. The new scenery was lovely as a dream, especially the scenes of the esplanade, and that of *Ophelia's* death, known as the Willows. But why, oh, why, sapient scene-painter of the Opéra, are we treated to a snow-scene in the earlier portion of the work, while *Ophelia* drowns herself amid the full flush and brightness of spring-time? Is so long a period supposed to elapse between the first appearance of the ghost and the suicide of the heroine? The costumes were all new, but some of them were as ugly and tasteless as possible. The king in his yellow robes looked like the King of Clubs, and Gueymard's dress of doubtful gray was actually saluted with a murmur of disapprobation.

Any number of changes in theatrical programmes are promised for the coming week, but nothing new has been presented during the past ten days at any of the theatres, if we may except the revival of "La Voleuse des Enfants" at the Lyrique, with Marie Laurent in the character of the heroine. The play, which has been rendered familiar to the American public through the medium of a frightfully bad translation, produced by Lucille Western, under the title of "The Child-Stealer," has but one merit, which is the opportunity which it affords to Marie Laurent for a display of her powers of representing maternal devotion and self-sacrifice. But "Comte Kostitz" is underlined at the Gymnase, "Cromwell" at the Châtelet, and "Un Drame sous Philippe II." at the Odéon, while at the Vaudeville we are promised a series of representations by Madame Pasca, *en congé* from St. Petersburg, to be succeeded by "Montjoye," with Lafontaine in the title-rôle, the great actor having gone to spend two weeks with Octave Feuillet expressly to study the author's views of his own creation.

Here is a *mot* from St.-Germain, the chief comedian of the Vaudeville: "Dress is the prospectus of women," once said before him a celebrated *demi-mondaine*. "Yes," made answer the actor, "when woman becomes merchandise." LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

April 6, 1875.

THE interior of New Guinea is no longer a *terra incognita*. Captain J. A. Lawson has not only thoroughly explored it, but he has given us a minute account of its characteristics in his "Wanderings." The gallant author sailed thither in May, 1872, from Sydney, New South Wales, and a month later he landed at a little village called Houtree, whence, after

having selected two Papuan guides, he started for the interior. These guides, by-the-way, were repulsive-looking fellows, as, indeed, are the Papuans in general. Aboo, the eldest, was only an inch or two above four feet in height, yet he was remarkably powerful. "I have seen him," writes the captain, "lift four or five hundred weight without appearing to exert himself in any extraordinary degree." Danang, the other guide, was only a foot taller, but better looking, if any thing, than Aboo, and equally strong, though less inclined to show it. With these trusty natives—for trusty they proved to be—and some servants, our traveler made his way across the island of Papua. Through forests, over mountains, and across fertile valleys, they went, ever and anon putting up at some village on the way. They were not much troubled with luggage. Their provisions comprised some tea and coffee, a few bottles of that indispensable spirit to travelers—brandy—some pickles, and preserves, and—that was almost all. Still, there was no dearth of food. Game was plentiful; there were plenty of fish in the streams, and plenty of monkeys and deer in the woods. Moreover, toddy was actually to be had. The natives prepare it from the sap of the cocoa-nut tree, and, it must be added, often get excessively drunk on it. Unfortunately, Captain Lawson is not a botanist, but he describes many strange shrubs and flowers that he saw. As for the birds, insects, and reptiles of the island, not a few of them are remarkable. Perhaps the most loathsome reptile is the scorpion, the sting of which brings death. The captain saw a native who had been stung by one. The puncture was only a little larger than the head of a pin, yet, an hour or so after he had received the wound, the poor fellow was a corrupting corpse, and this notwithstanding that our traveler cut out the wound, and applied ammonia to it.

The centre of the island is entirely uninhabited, the inhabited land forming a belt of from sixty to one hundred or one hundred and twenty miles around it. Some parts of the coast are much frequented by Malay and Chinese pirates, who are most unprincipled wretches, but the natives themselves are very friendly. The plains are extensive and numerous, and wonderfully fertile, the vegetable kingdom being represented by millions of magnificent species. For the glorious splendor of the plumage of the birds, Captain Lawson says that no country can compare with it. Most of the rivers and streams are comparatively insignificant, but there are many high ranges of mountains. There are both gold and silver on the island; the latter abounds in copper, lead, iron, and tin, are also abundant, as are precious stones, though few of these last are of much value. Some of the habits and customs of the natives are very curious. As for their language, it is mellifluous and easily learned. Altogether, the captain's explorations were highly successful, and his book, which is modestly written, is well worth reading.

Mr. Walker Thornbury, who is about to issue a new and revised edition of his "Life of Turner," the great painter, told me a rather good story regarding himself the other day. His handwriting, I should mention, is a terrible scrawl—Lord Brougham's was no worse, if, indeed, so bad. Well, one day the printers at *All the Year Round* office, who from time to time had been sadly puzzled by his MSS., saw an announcement of the death of a certain Mr. Thornbury, and at once, the wish being father to the thought, jumped to the conclusion that it was *their* Mr. Thornbury. So, great rejoicing ensued, the exultant types set

and all declaring that my friend had not been taken from this world a moment too soon; but when, the next day, their arch-enemy, looking as genial as ever, came into the composing-room to inquire about a proof, their feelings may be easier imagined than described. By-the-way, Mr. Thornbury thinks of writing a biography of our veteran comedian, John Baldwin Buckstone, upon whom the years, seventy-three, are beginning to weigh heavily. It should be a most amusing book, for no one has seen more of the various phases of theatrical life than the author of the "Green Bushes," and of no one are more racy anecdotes told. Just now Mr. Buckstone is playing *Squire Chivey* in "David Garrick" at his little theatre in the Haymarket, and shows much of his old drollery and unctuousness. As for Mr. Sothern, who sustains the title-role, the opinion is that his performance is more artistic than ever. A version of Blum's Ambigu drama, "Rose Michel," was given at the Gayety a few nights ago. It was a failure. The fact is, the piece is not at all suited to the English stage. Many of the incidents are unnatural, and they are by no means well put together; then, again, the plot, as a whole, is terribly "slow." On the first night the audience yawned, and then hissed. Mrs. Mary Gladstone, the wife, I believe, of an American gentleman, made her debut in London as *Rose*; she has a stately presence, but her action is forced, and her voice hard and metallic; consequently she was coldly received. The translation itself is excellent, and is by Mr. Campbell Clarke, the French correspondent of the journal which boasts of having "the largest circulation in the world," by which, of course, I mean the *Daily Telegraph*. Already "London Assurance" has been substituted. That other French adaptation—Mr. John Oxenford's version of "The Two Orphans"—of MM. Donny and Cormon is still running at the Olympic, and will soon have reached its two hundredth night. Miss Fowler's *Louise* is a strikingly pathetic performance, as is also the *Pierre* of Mr. Henry Neville. Had "The Two Orphans" not proved such a decided success, a new comedy by Mr. James Albery would have been put upon the stage ere this—a comedy which the author tells me is the best he has yet written. I don't see how it can very well surpass his "Two Roses." The great Italian tragedian, Signor Salvini, is at present performing *Othello* at the Lane. He has created quite a *furor* here—just as, I am told, he did in your country. In sooth, I really think that the critics, not to speak of the audiences, have allowed their judgments to be run away with in some measure by the popular enthusiasm. True, Salvini is a great actor, but still he is not faultless, that is, judging from his *Othello*. He is a master of passion, but not altogether a master of pathos. It seems to me that in the final scene he verged on bathos more than once. However, he is undoubtedly a true artist; and whom do you think he first went to see upon his arrival in London? Why, Irving as *Hamlet*. At the Opéra Comique, "Les Trente Millions de Gladiateur," "La Famille Benoiton," and other pieces, have been given by M. Pitron's company. Mr. Gye has begun the royal Italian opera-season at Covent Garden in the most enterprising way. The programme is being changed every night. Meyerbeer's "Roberto il Diavolo" is about to be given as I write, Madame Vilda taking the part of *Ades*, Mdlle. Smeroschi the part of *Isabella*, Signor Mariri the part of *Roberto*, and Signor Baggiolo the part of *Ertramo*.

The other day I saw a statement in the *Daily Graphic* to the effect that Mr. Bronson

Howard had had a piece accepted at our Gayety Theatre. Such is not the case. Mr. Howard is over here just now, and so is Joaquin Miller. The latter has a long prose story in hand. I was talking to him about America. He said he knew very little of it. Ah, yours is a very big country, sir! Then we fell to talking about poetry in general, and Robert Buchanan's poetry in particular. Miller is a great admirer of the young bard (who, let me add in parenthesis, has written a most interesting reminiscence of Peacock, the novelist, in the last number of the *New Quarterly Magazine*). He quoted part of one of his poems—that of "Judas Iscariot"—with great gusto. Buchanan, I was glad to be able to inform him, reciprocated the admiration, though none of you Americans equal, in his opinion, the "good gray bard," Walt Whitman.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE reader of Hugo's "Les Misérables" will doubtless recall the passages devoted to illustrating the extent to which gunpowder is used in times of peace; a perusal of that chapter may have called forth doubts as to the integrity of the author's judgment, since the facts seemed "too monstrous to be true." It happens, however, in this instance, as in others of a kindred character, that the records of the statistician support the novelist in his apparently fictitious statements. This is illustrated in a recent authoritative record, from which we condense as follows: It appears that by practising, salutes, experiments, and reviews, the army and navy of England use more gunpowder than would be consumed in many battles and sieges. Add to these quasi-warlike uses those which are essentially of a peaceful character, mining, quarrying, hunting, etc., and it may be proved that war actually tends to lessen the consumption of explosive substances. It is said that during the recent war in this country the sale and import of powder fell off enormously, and the same was true of France during the Crimean War. It is even estimated that the present war in Spain, by stopping the iron-mines of the north, has diminished the import of blasting-powder to a greater extent than it has accelerated that of powder specially manufactured for military purposes. As an illustration of the extent to which these peaceful industries which are often interrupted during war create a demand for powder, the following facts relating to the subject are interesting and suggestive: It is estimated that in the English coal-mines about eighty pounds of powder are used for every thousand tons of fuel raised. In mines of lead and other more stubborn minerals which are found in crystalline rocks, seven thousand pounds of powder are required for every thousand tons of ore raised. Although these data are from English sources, we doubt not the record of Western quartz mining operations would fully sustain and possibly exceed them. It has been said that the progress of a nation in civilization may be estimated by the quantity of soda-ash consumed in its various industrial arts. Adopting a similar method of comparison with gunpowder, we note that the quantity consumed for war purposes may, in a less positive degree, mark that nation's claim to an advanced place. It appears that twenty-five per cent. of the powder export of England in 1870 went to Western Africa chiefly to satisfy the warlike propensities of the savage kings. These rude chiefs are just learning

that art of war which the more advanced peoples are trying to forget. And, if there be any significance in the popular demand for arbitration as a method for settling disputes, then the manufacturer of military powder had best soon change the quality of his product or give place to the more peacefully disposed of his rivals in the trade.

M. GIRONARD, in a recent number of *Les Mondes*, proposes a practical application of the principle of regelation to the manufacture of ice-blocks for the market. It is known, and has recently been demonstrated by Tyndall and other lecturers, that when powdered ice, or even snow, is submitted to hydraulic pressure, it will unite so compactly as to present the appearance of a single solid block. On the same principle, if several slabs of thin ice be placed in contact, the one over the other, their surfaces may be so thoroughly united under pressure as not only to obliterate the line of contact, but render them essentially one. An interesting and simple experiment illustrating this principle here comes to our mind, and we venture to describe it for the benefit of any inquisitive reader, by whom it may readily be repeated: Upon the end of a projecting board place a piece of ice, having a width somewhat less than that of the board upon which it rests; into one edge of this board drive a small nail at a point opposite the centre of the ice-cake. To this nail or pin fasten a piece of fine annealed wire, and to the opposite end of this wire attach a weight of several pounds. Now, carry the wire over the ice and let the weightier end hang down from the other side. By this means the wire will form a half loop over the ice, with the pressure upon its upper surface. Slowly the wire will cut itself down into the ice beneath it, but with a result which demonstrates the law of regelation, for, when the ice shall have been cut through completely, and the wire rests on the board below, an examination of the cake will show it to be as firm and solid as before; and if any attempt be made to split or break it, the lines of fracture will be in no way affected by the bissection to which it has been subjected. At some future day we shall describe, by the aid of suitable illustration, this interesting phenomenon, returning at present to the practical application as noticed above. M. Gironard believes that two men, with a screw or lever press, might with ease produce on the banks of a lake or river between three and four thousand regular blocks of ice, weighing ten pounds each. In a country like our own, where the natural cold is sufficient to form all the ice we need of full thickness, this method seems hardly demanded; but in those countries where ice seldom forms in sheets above a few inches in thickness, a method for combining these thin plates into solid square blocks, of a proper size for storage and transportation, cannot but be of service. The principle of regelation would seem to be of especial value to those engaged in the artificial production of ice, as it would dispense with the need for the direct manufacture of large cakes, since smaller ones can thus be readily united. The subject seems to us well worth consideration with our Southern friends.

As might have justly been expected, the will of the late Sir Charles Lyell contains behests to science that will serve to foster and encourage original research in the special departments in which the honored testator so long and faithfully labored, and the fact that there is to be no distinction made regarding the "sex or nationality" of the worker will

give to the gift a more general interest and significance. A condensed record of this behest is given in *Nature* as follows: "He gives to the Geological Society of London the die executed by Mr. Leonard Wyon, of a medal to be cast in bronze, to be given annually, and called the Lyell Medal, to be regarded as a mark of honorary distinction, and as an expression on the part of the governing body of the society that the medalist (who may be of any country or either sex) has deserved well of the science. He further gives to the said society the sum of two thousand pounds, the annual interest arising therefrom to be appropriated and applied in the following manner: Not less than one third of the annual interest to accompany the medal, the remaining interest to be given in one or more portions at the discretion of the council for the encouragement of geology, or of any of the allied sciences by which they shall consider geology to have been most materially advanced, either for traveling expenses or for a memoir or paper published or in progress, and without reference to the sex or nationality of the author or the language in which it may be written. The council of the society are to be the sole judges of the merits of the memoirs or papers for which they may vote the medal and fund from time to time."

THE purse of three thousand francs offered through the French Academy for an efficient remedy against the *Phylloxera* is likely to go a-begging, as did that offered by the same body for a simple and absolute method for determining the presence of animal death. It is now announced that the commission of the Academy having direction of the *Phylloxera* prize are not yet prepared to award it, though their lists of applicants numbers over six hundred. After a careful examination of these six hundred claims, the conclusion is reached that none of the proposed methods have been sufficiently supported by experimental applications extending over an adequate length of time. A review of this discussion, together with that to which we have referred on the death-test, and a recollection of the recent difficulty in distributing the New-York State prize for steam canal-boats, would seem to suggest that the prizes are too large in amount to be effective. Any body of men would naturally hesitate long before granting so large a sum to any single applicant; whereas, were the prize divided, there might be found among the many applicants a limited number whose claims to a partial recognition might be valid. This being done, the various methods might be combined so as to result in a complete and perfect success.

A METHOD for economizing lithographic stone, and hence increasing the supply, has recently been patented in England. It consists simply in slitting stones of the ordinary thickness, and backing up the thin pieces thus obtained with cement, pressed and moulded to the proper depth and form. It is said that these veneered stones are even stronger and less liable to fracture than the thick ones, and so simple is this new method for multiplying the surface that the wonder is that no earlier attempt of similar nature has been made.

UNDER the head of "A New Fire-Extinguisher," a German journal of the present year describes a device essentially the same as that now in general use in this country, and known as the Babcock Fire-Extinguisher. This account is copied into one of the recent English scientific journals, and thus it would appear that what is with us an old story is yet a new

and attractive one to our neighbors over the sea. Would it not be to the interest of our American inventors to introduce their machine into England?

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

THE fifth of Mr. Hawthorne's series of "Saxon Studies" appears in the April *Contemporary Review*. We glean a few capital bits. He opens with a description of the Dresden Picture-Gallery, and says:

"In this room" (anteroom) "we already become conscious of the picture-gallery smell—that most peculiar and depressing of odors. It cannot be called offensive—still less agreeable; but it produces an effect of lassitude and apathy, such as is experienced under no other circumstances. It is an aroma of old canvases; or we might regard it as the ancient breath expressed from the oily lungs of the innumerable old portraits. It is not fit food for living organisms; it dulls the eye and pales the cheek, and cuts short the temper. The buff beadsles who pervade the place have acquired so sour and suspicious an aspect that it is hard not to feel guilty in their presence. The morbid influence is enhanced by the arrangement of the rooms, which is such as to give the idea of hopelessly interminable extent; and by the style of architecture, which is beyond words monotonous, idealless, soulless, dry, dispiriting, unbeautiful. Our boots squeak and slip on the parquetry floor, and there is scarcely one chair to a thousand pictures. And as for the pictures—their merits how great soever—they are still the most tiresome feature of all.

"Why are picture-galleries allowed? The best time to visit the Continental ones is on Sunday—the people's day; for then we may find relief from the rabble on the walls in observing the rabble on the floor, which is vastly more amusing and less impertinent. The latter is forever on the move, and still forming new combinations; whereas the former varies not a hair's breadth from age to age, as if conceitedly conscious that its present attitude must be the very best imaginable. Moreover, even admitting each one of a hundred thousand pictures to be a masterpiece of color, form, and design, the value of each would be a hundred thousand times less than if it stood alone. Picture-galleries are the greatest æsthetic abuses of our time. They are that saddest chaos which is formed of disordered beauty—like an insane poet's mind. Why has no artistic vigilance-committee arisen to annihilate this insult to good taste and modesty. . . .

"We admire the intellectual self-command of a Newton; but it is nothing to the power of mental abstraction necessary to the appreciation of a fine picture on the walls of a gallery. In fact, real appreciation is, under such circumstances, an impossibility. We do not see the picture which the great master painted. We discern only a certain arrangement of lines, and harmony of colors. The painter may have been divine, but he cannot show us his most precious secrets in a crowd. On the contrary, the more subtle and profound he is, the less our chance of apprehending him. It is not too much to say that no great picture, whether in the Dresden gallery or another, has yet been seen by mortal eyes. Good copies—

which, to be good, must be a slight improvement on the originals—are out of the question; and therefore these paintings will remain a dead letter until the time comes for mankind not only to acknowledge commonplace truths, but to do them.

"Then we shall see picture-galleries built upon a different principle. A picture that is worth anything is worth the devotion of, at least, one room. Of that room it should be the reason, the expression, the key, the consummation. Every thing in the room should lead up to it, comment on it, harmonize with it, interpret it, reflect it. . . .

"There is a fine view of the Theater-Platz from the windows of the gallery, and I have often found relief in watching the building of the new opera-house from that vantage-ground. It will be a more pretentious edifice than the old one, but not so unique and impressive. The latter was a sort of infant Coliseum, or dwarf Coliseum, rather; for it was so smoke-blackened and weather-beaten that it looked five hundred years old. The interior was respectably upholstered in the usual red velvet; and though the audience might be somewhat put about for room, the stage was of good size. As regards ventilation, I need not say that every precaution was taken against it which enlightened ingenuity could devise, and with complete success. There were two companies connected with this theatre—one dramatic, the other operatic; and it should be observed that the latter, who were good enough in their line, never could be accused of taking a leaf from the former's book. The orchestra was one of the finest in Germany; it played sacred music in the cathedral on Sunday mornings, and the same evening, at the theatre, would interpret 'Figaro' or 'Tannhäuser.' Occasionally some grand oratorios would be produced, when the stage would be merged in the orchestra, and the singers wear evening dress—thereby, it seems to me, laying themselves open to criticism. I heard and saw Haydn's 'Creation' thus given, and could not drive away irreverent thoughts. The principal singers had their seats immediately in front of the foot-lights; and were down in the programme as the archangels *Gabriel*, *Raphael*, and *Uriel*; and *Adam* and *Eve*. *Raphael* was a bald-headed, severe-looking gentleman, with eye-glasses; he sat apart, but occasionally leaned over to whisper something to a person whom I first mistook for *Uriel*, but who turned out to be *Adam*. *Uriel* I afterward identified with a rather foppish young man on the left. These two archangels, and *Adam*, were attired in black broadcloth, and snowy shirt-bosoms and neckties. But *Gabriel*, who sat next to *Uriel*, and was manifestly on the best of terms with him, was a handsome young lady in a black-atin dress outlow in the body. She had a slight cold, and blew her nose during the lulls in the 'Creation.' *Eve*—for whose appearance I looked with some interest—was a staid and decorous personage of some forty summers; she was dressed with strict propriety in a black moire antique, high in the neck; and, as if this were not enough, a lace shawl was superadded. *Adam* was a tall man with a big voice, a prominent forehead, and a scraggy beard. He was an impulsive man, and his book and his voice were always uplifted simultaneously. . . .

"The German language, as socially spoken, does not sound musical, but the opera-singers so modify the pronunciation as to make it soft and agreeable. I am acquainted with no language, however, which sounds so differently

from different lips as does this German. The Saxon pronunciation, though by no means the harshest, is the most demoralized of all; and those foreigners who have formed their accent on Saxon models have, humanly speaking, disqualified themselves from ever getting it right. In its perfection, German is eminently a masculine tongue, but Dresden has emasculated it. She clips it, whines it, undulates it, sing-songs it, lubricates it, until it becomes a very eunuch of languages. The hard, clear, deliberate Hanoverian pronunciation compares with hers as chips of ice shaken in a crystal goblet, with luke warm dish-water filleted in a greasy slop-bowl.

"My feeling with regard to the pronunciation of foreign languages is perhaps curious, but observation inclines me to believe that it is not altogether unique. I never imitate the native accent without feeling a little ashamed of myself, and the closer my imitation, the greater my loss of self-respect. On the other hand, an execrably English twang, or, still more, a few English words thrown in here and there, revive my drooping independence like a tonic. I may be as correct in my grammar, and in the placing of my verbs and participles, as my knowledge will admit, without a whisper of self-reproach; but the moment I attempt to disguise my nationality, I am degraded.

"Moreover, supposing such disguise possible, what is gained by it? Is it so great a triumph to be mistaken for a Saxon, for instance? There is surely nothing intellectual in mimicry, and our best success amounts to nothing higher than that. No; a foreign accent is to be shunned rather than sought. It is as demoralizing as to wear another man's clothes. It cannot be attained without doing violence to the inner nature—to those fine perceptions of modesty and decorum which give character to its worth. A person who speaks a foreign language so well as to deceive a native, is rarely a delicate-minded man. He will either be subtle, deceitful, sly, with a talent for intrigue, or else superficial, coarse, and vain. He can seldom possess a sensitive and nicely-balanced individuality."

From the *London Daily News* we derive a story of personal heroism and devotion, the strange and romantic features of which have rarely been outdone:

"It is refreshing enough amid the tiresome details, the perpetual seasaw, the alternating clamor and apathy of French politics, to come across a bit of genuine and heroic patriotism; and that has just been furnished us in the story told of M. Edmond Valentin, who is now one of the candidates for the representation of the department of the Seine-et-Oise. The story is in one sense an old one; it was partly told in our own columns during the progress of the late war; but the particular account of it, now published, justifies us in referring again to one of the most brilliant personal exploits of the Franco-German campaign. Of the career of M. Valentin before the breaking out of the war, we need say but little. He was a staunch republican, and of some note; therefore he became one of the victims of the *coup d'état*. When Prince Louis Napoleon sought at one blow to crush the liberties of France, M. Valentin was one of the deputies who was seized and thrown into prison; afterward he was released and banished. He went to Belgium, but the Belgian authorities received orders to expel him; and so he came over to England. For some time, it is said, he had a hard time

of it; but in due course he got his head above water; and, in the year 1860, he was appointed to deliver a series of lectures at Woolwich. He was one of the French masters in the Royal Military Academy there for ten years—until 1870, indeed, when France declared war against Prussia. He recognized the danger which his country was about to face; he went straight to Paris, and demanded from the war-minister permission to enlist as a private volunteer in the very battalion in which he had formerly held the rank of officer. His letter was not even answered; doubtless the empire considered itself able to conquer Germany without the aid of republicans. But when the empire dashed itself to pieces against the rock of German unity, Valentin's opportunity had arrived. He was a native of Strasbourg. The electors of the Lower Rhine had in former years chosen him as their deputy; and it was as the prefect of this department that he received from the government of the National Defense authorization to go thither and help as best he might the heroic defense of Strasbourg. That, indeed, was a mission which some might have regarded with an ironical smile. The prefecture was in Strasbourg; Strasbourg was closely beset by General von Werder; how was the new prefect to assert his authority? The new prefect resolved that he would, somehow or other, get through the German lines into the city of his birth.

"M. Valentin went down to Colmar, and there he got the wife of a worthy Alsatian to sew into the lining of his coat the commission he had from the then existing government. The Alsatian himself accompanied him, and the two adventurers proceeded to Mutterholz. At ten o'clock at night they passed the frontier of the department of the Lower Rhine, and found themselves within the line of investment. This first attempt failed almost at the outset, for they were immediately captured by a body of Baden dragoons, who carried them before one of the generals. M. Valentin, who knew English perfectly, represented himself as an American, who was the son of an Alsatian father, and who was exceedingly curious to witness the siege of Strasbourg. The general was very suspicious, but at length consented to release his prisoners, warning them, however, that they must leave Alsace, and that, if they were found 'mooning around' again, they would be forthwith shot. The dragoons kindly conducted M. Valentin to the banks of the Rhine, and there sent him across to the Baden side. It was from this side, accordingly, that his next attempt was made. He went to Offenbourg, where were a good many Strasbourg people who had fled; and they endeavored to dissuade him from attempting an apparently hopeless feat, but all in vain. He left Offenbourg. Alone he went down to the banks of the Rhine, at some distance from Kehl, and there, recognizing the fortifications on the other side, he believed he could make his way in among his friends if only he got safely across the river. He was just about to swim the broad stream when, for the second time, the ubiquitous German horsemen pounced down upon him. This time it was a small body of Uhlans that captured him; and they forthwith took him with them into Kehl. Here he gave himself up for lost. He was well known in the place. Moreover, in former days he had had a warm discussion with the landlord of the Hôtel de la Poste there, and it was to this very inn, where the commandant had his quarters, that they conducted him. Fortunately, the bombardment had frightened away pretty nearly all the inhabitants of the place; not even the irascible

landlord had remained to sell cognac to the soldiers. No one recognized him, and once more he was set at liberty, though his captors warned him that, if he were found anywhere within thirty leagues of the scene of operations, he would be shot without mercy. Thus, then, he had failed to get into Strasbourg from the south and from the east; there now remained the north, by which line of approach the Germans had advanced from Wissembourg. In the north was their chief line of communications; there also were the headquarters of General von Werder. If the south and the east were impossible, the north seemed a hundred times more hopeless. But M. Valentin resolved to enter Strasbourg from the north.

"First of all he went to Wissembourg, where he made the acquaintance of the wife of a brewer of Schiltigheim, the village where Von Werder had his headquarters, and this brave woman said she would conduct M. Valentin and his friend Stooz (the partner of his first attempt) to the village in question. They set out in a carriage. At Hagenau they fell into the hands of a patrol of cavalry, but the Alsatian woman was ready with a calm and sufficient explanation, and they were allowed to pass. They reached Schiltigheim, and found the brewery full of Prussian soldiers. The brewer himself was not a little alarmed when he heard of what his wife had done and still proposed to do—probably he felt himself in the position of 'our guidman,' who, as the old Scotch song tells, 'cam hame at e'en' to find his wife sheltering one of the cavaliers—and as M. Valentin was averse from provoking conjugal quarreling, he and his friend Stooz resolved to go on by themselves. As luck would have it, the very first house they went into was the inn where General von Werder's headquarters were posted. Valentin boldly ordered something to eat, he was served by 'the son of the house,' and this young man he took into his confidence, begging him to procure a guide. The young man tried and failed, no one would venture; but for three days and two nights he concealed Valentin in the corner of a lumber-room. From this coign of vantage he could overhear the conversation of the soldiers—once or twice he heard Von Werder himself—and in time he came to know how the troops passed the day, and to judge of the best opportunity for his attempt. On the night of the third day Valentin quitted his hiding-place, and without hinderance walked along until he had got nearly to the first trench of the German lines. Then he suddenly set off running, leaped the first trench, and found himself rolling in a potato-field. Getting on his feet again, he made for an opening in the second parallel, across a field of maize. By this time, however, the alarm had been given, and on all sides he heard the sentinels firing. It was nine o'clock at night, and the darkness aiding him, he crept, *centra à terre*, across the field of maize, until, after three-quarters of an hour, he found himself on the banks of the Aar. He swam across; he made his way into one of the flooded fosses of the outlying fortifications; he called to his countrymen in the lunette. At first they fired on him; but, strange to say, he escaped that danger also, and at last succeeded in getting into the city and presenting his credentials. What was the result? So far as the siege was concerned, only that the inevitable was staved off for a week. Strasbourg had to capitulate all the same; and Valentin was among the prisoners who were detained at Ehrenbreitstein. But the results of such an exploit, great or little, neither enhance nor detract from its noble self-devotion and brilliant courage."

From a highly-entertaining paper in the last *Cornhill*, on William Hazlitt, presumably by Leslie Stephen, we glean the following:

"Hazlitt's criticism is not of the kind which is now most popular. He lived before the days of philosophers who talk about the organism and its environment, and of the connoisseurs who boast of an eclectic taste for all the delicate essences of art. He never thought of showing that a great writer was only the product of his time, race, and climate; and he had not learned to use such terms of art as 'supreme,' 'gracious,' 'tender,' 'bitter,' and 'subtle,' in which a good deal of criticism now consists. Lamb, says Hazlitt, tried old authors 'on his palate as epicures taste olives;' and the delicacy of discrimination which makes the process enjoyable is perhaps the highest qualification of a good critic. Hazlitt's point of view was rather different, and he seldom shows that exquisite appreciation of purely literary charm which we find in two or three first-rate writers of to-day, and which is affected by some scores of imitators. Nobody, indeed, loved some authors more heartily; indeed, his love is so hearty that he cannot preserve the true critical attitude. Instead of trying them on his palate, he swallows them greedily. His judgment of an author seems to depend upon two circumstances. He is determined in great measure by his private associations, and in part by his sympathy for the character of the writer. His interest in this last sense is, one may say, rather psychological than purely critical. He thinks of an author not as the exponent of a particular vein of thought or emotion, nor as an artistic performer on the instrument of language, but as a human being to be loved or hated, or both, like Napoleon, or Gifford, or Southey.

"Hazlitt's favorite authors were, for the most part, the friends of his youth. He had pored over their pages till he knew them by heart; their phrases were as familiar to his lips as texts of Scripture to preachers who know but one book; the places where he had read them became sacred to him, and a glory of his early enthusiasm was still reflected from the old pages. Rousseau was his beloved above all writers. They had a natural affinity. What Hazlitt says of Rousseau may be partly applied to himself. Of Hazlitt it might be said, almost as truly as of Rousseau, that 'he had the most intense consciousness of his own existence. No object that had once made an impression upon him was ever effaced.' In Rousseau's 'Confessions' and 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' Hazlitt saw the reflections of his own passions. He spent, he declares, two whole years in reading these two books; and they were the happiest years of his life. He marks with a white stone the days on which he read particular passages. It was on April 10, 1798—as he tells us some twenty years later—that he sat down to a volume of the 'New Héloïse,' at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. He tells us which passage he read, and what was the view before his bodily eyes. His first reading of 'Paul and Virginia' is associated with an inn at Bridgewater; and at another old-fashioned inn he tells how the rustic fare and the quaint architecture gave additional piquancy to Congreve's wit. He remembers, too, the spot at which he first read Mrs. Inchbald's 'Simple Story;' how he walked out to escape from one of the tenderest parts, in order to return again with double relish. 'An old crazy hand-organ,' he adds, 'was playing "Robin Adair," a summer shower dropped manna on my head, and slaked my feverish thirst of happiness.

He looks back to his first familiarity with his favorites as an old man may think of his honey-moon. The memories of his own feelings, of his author's poetry, and of the surrounding scenery, are inextricably fused together. The sight of an old volume, he says, sometimes shakes twenty years off his life; he sees his old friends alive again, the place where he read the book, the day when he got it, the feeling of the air, the fields, the sky. To these old favorites he remained faithful, except that he seems to have tired of the glitter of Junius. Burke's politics gave him some severe twinges. He says, in one place, that he always tests the sense and candor of a liberal by his willingness to admit the greatness of Burke. He adds, as a note to the essay in which this occurs, that it was written in a 'fit of extravagant candor,' when he thought that he could be more than just to an enemy without betraying a cause. He oscillates between these views as his humor changes. He is absurdly unjust to Burke the politician; but he does not waver in his just recognition of the marvelous power of the greatest—I should almost say the only great—political writer in the language. The first time he read a passage from Burke, he said this is true eloquence. Johnson immediately became stilted, and Junius 'shrunk up into little antithetic points and well-tuned sentences. But Burke's style was forked and playful like the lightning, crested like the serpent.' He is never weary of Burke, as he elsewhere says; and, in fact, he is man enough to recognize genuine power when he meets it. To another great master he yields with a reluctance which is an involuntary compliment. The one author whom he admitted into his Pantheon after his youthful enthusiasm had cooled was unluckily the most consistent of Tories. Who is there, he asks, that admires the author of 'Waverley' more than I do? Who is there that despises Sir Walter Scott more? The Scotch novels, as they were then called, fairly overpowered him. The imaginative force, the geniality and the wealth of picturesque incident of the greatest of novelists, disarmed his antipathy. It is curious to see how he struggles with himself. He blesses and curses in a breath. He applies to Scott Pope's description of Bacon, 'the greatest, wisest, meanest, of mankind,' and asks—

'Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
'Who would not weep if "Waverley" were he?'

He crowns a torrent of abuse by declaring that Scott has encouraged the lowest panders of a venal press, 'deluging and nauseating the public mind with the offal and garbage of Billingsgate abuse and vulgar slang;' and presently he calls Scott—by way, it is true, of lowering Byron—'one of the greatest teachers of morality that ever lived.' He invents a theory, to which he returns more than once, to justify the contrast. Scott, he says, is

much such a writer as the Duke of Wellington (the hated antithesis of Napoleon, whose 'foolish face' he specially detests) is a general. The one gets one hundred thousand men together, and 'leaves it to them to fight out the battle, for if he meddled with it he might spoil sport; the other gets an innumerable quantity of facts together, and lets them tell their story as they may. The facts are stubborn in the last instance as the men are in the first, and in neither case is the broth spoiled by the cook.' They show modesty and self-knowledge, but 'little boldness or inventiveness of genius.' On the strength of this doctrine he even compares Scott disadvantageously with Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald, who had, it seems, more invention, though fewer facts. Hazlitt was not bound to understand strategy, and devoutly held that Wellington's armies succeeded because their general only looked on. But he should have understood his own trade a little better. Putting aside this grotesque theory, he feels Scott's greatness truly, and admits it generously. He enjoys the broth, to use his own phrase, though he is determined to believe that it somehow made itself."

We think there is truth in the subjoined, from *Cornhill*:

"We are quite aware that a contradictory belief circulates in some minds. Many people have a conviction that things are now made cheap and nasty in comparison with the excellence and solidity of old workmanship. It would take up too much space here to give the full grounds of our own conviction, but we have very little doubt that the fact is that, in the case of almost every article, those who really wish for excellence can get it as good or better than they ever could before; but that, to suit the democratic taste of the day, and the consequent desire to secure a sort of outside equality in all ranks, showy articles of inferior durability are made as well; in other words, that the cheap and flimsy things, in so far as they are really more numerous, represent not so much a substitution for the good as a supplement to them. Hardly any one would deny that this is the case with jewelry, for instance, and we suspect that the same explanation is equally valid in almost every other direction. The common objection which consists in pointing to some stout, and probably ugly, old chair or cloak, and comparing it favorably with these in use now, is met by the simple reply that all the weak ones have been broken up or thrown away, so that none but the strong ones are left. Of the generally rickety houses which the builders run up nowadays about London, who can tell but what a small remnant may be left a century hence which shall be pointed out as a favorable contrast to their latest successors!"

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